

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,070

MAY 31, 1890

THE GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

NEWSPAPER.



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PRICE NINEPENCE

THE GRAPHIC, MAY 31, 1890

THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,070.—Vol. XLI.
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DE LUXE

SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1890

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT [PRICE NINEPENCE
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THE PRINCE OF WALES AND PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES. IN THE GERMAN UNIFORMS PRESENTED TO THEM BY THE
EMPEROR WILLIAM DURING THEIR RECENT VISIT TO BERLIN

Topics of the Week

ENGLAND AND GERMANY.—It is much to be regretted that Englishmen have begun to display a rather jealous feeling with regard to German schemes in Africa. No doubt the Germans are to some extent to blame for the existence of this feeling, for they have not been over-scrupulous in their efforts to secure fresh territory. We ought not to forget, however, that if we had chosen to take advantage of our opportunities we might easily have obtained possession of all the districts which are now in dispute. Again and again we were warned that, if we did not "look alive," competitors would enter the field against us; but to such warnings we paid no sort of heed until the competitors actually arrived. Many of us are considerably overrating the danger of German rivalry. Millions of Germans emigrate, but the vast majority of them have little inclination for the risks and discomforts of life in an undeveloped land; they prefer the security which can be found only in settled communities. In Africa they will look to Berlin for help, and it is certain that the German Government will not strain its resources to aid them in contending with any very serious difficulties. There is no real reason, then, why we should be irritated by German claims. Free access from one part of our African possessions to another we must insist on having; but, that being conceded, we can afford to let Germany have very nearly everything she is asking for. Lord Salisbury, if he is not needlessly interfered with, will be able to strike a perfectly satisfactory bargain, and it is important that we should have, as far as possible, a free hand in the matter. The Germans, whether we like the fact or not, are to be our neighbours in Eastern Africa, and we shall act very unwisely if, while maintaining our undoubted rights and interests, we do not do everything in our power to secure that they and we shall live together on friendly terms.

MITCHELSTOWN ON THE BRAIN.—A body of British excursionists, headed by the late Mr. Handel Cossham's Parliamentary successor, visited Hawarden on Whit Tuesday, where those of them who were within earshot were treated by Mr. Gladstone to an improved and revised version of the Mitchelstown affray, which promises to take the place of the Peterloo massacre which, with far more justice, aroused the indignation of a bygone generation of Radicals. It is needless here to say that the story of Mitchelstown, as put forth by Mr. Gladstone, is not the story accepted by Mr. Balfour, or, indeed, by anybody who has dispassionately examined the actual facts. It was no doubt a deplorable thing that the persons who lost their lives were comparatively innocent, but such a result has often happened before now when riotous mobs have come into collision with armed officials. On whom then does the responsibility rest? Primarily on the agitators who convened the assemblage, and secondarily on the mob, who would infallibly have murdered one of the constables—as it was, they very nearly killed him—had not his comrades fired. It is really a saddening spectacle to see an old man, who only a few years ago was the Queen's principal adviser, deliberately falsifying facts for the sake of damaging his political adversaries, especially as it is perfectly certain that if the Mitchelstown affair had occurred while Mr. Gladstone was in office, he would have defended the action of the constabulary as vigorously as Mr. Balfour has done. It may be asked why Mr. Gladstone has lately deemed it advisable to revive the memories of Mitchelstown. His motive has been a personal one. He wished to shield himself from a charge of inconsistency. Why was he so outspoken about the Bulgarian horrors, and so silent about the alleged atrocities in Siberia. His excuse is that he feared that, if he remonstrated in the latter case, the Czar would retort with Mitchelstown. A characteristic specimen, by the way, of Mr. Gladstone's modern manner is afforded by a correspondence concerning the boycotting of a helpless widow, one of Mr. Smith-Barry's tenants. The ex-Premier declines to discuss the merits of boycotting—"compulsion" he prefers to call it—but admits that if the widow's windows were broken, it was "an unfeeling and gross outrage."

GUARDIANSHIP BY DEPUTY.—Just as Associations have been latterly formed to relieve trustees of their responsibilities, so it is now proposed to supply a sort of co-operative foster parent to children whose fathers and mothers have to live at a long distance from England. Sir George Birdwood judges rightly, no doubt, in believing that this new Association meets a public want. Whether the need be quite so great as he and his colleagues imagine is a more open question. There seems to be a practically unlimited supply of thoroughly trustworthy and competent persons who are eager to take charge of such children—for a consideration, of course. That some who offer are neither competent nor trustworthy is equally certain. But expatriated Britons almost always have friends in England to make searching inquiry as to the antecedents of the would-be guardians, and very rarely does such investigation fail to secure the desired article. Still, there may be a few cases in which parents residing in India or the colonies are compelled to take their chance, and in

these instances the Association will be eminently beneficial. It engages to provide both good schooling and comfortable homes for all children entrusted to its charge, so that all the parents have to do is to make regular payments at appointed dates. It also supplies clothing, and acts in every detail strictly *in loco parentis*, the lowest charge being 75% per annum, everything included. In principle, the scheme is commendable, but its successful operation depends largely upon its being kept free from jobbery and "friends at court." There is sure to be sharp competition among preparatory schools to get on its list, while even more severe will be the rush of indigent ladies anxious to secure a share of its patronage for their homes. And what would be more natural than a bias of the members of the Committee in favour of those schools and homes in which they felt personal interest?

CO-OPERATION.—During the present week we have been hearing much about the advantages of co-operation; and the Congress which has been holding its annual meeting at Glasgow is itself a proof that, so far as distribution is concerned, the co-operative idea is a potent and fruitful one. In his interesting presidential address, Lord Rosebery mentioned that the societies represented at the Congress have a share-capital of over ten millions sterling, that their sales last year were over thirty-six millions, and that their profits were not far short of three-and-a-half millions. These figures indicate an extraordinary degree of prosperity, and there can be little doubt that the methods which have succeeded so well in the past are destined to be used even more largely, and with wider results, in the future. It is disappointing, however, that co-operation has thus far been triumphant only in the comparatively simple and easy business of distribution. When applied to production, it has generally broken down. Even in this department there have been instances of success, but they are exceptions; the rule has been that productive co-operation has begun well, but ended badly. How is this? The result is due, no doubt, to various causes; but there seems to be a consensus of opinion that the chief cause is the want of mutual confidence on the part of working men. In an important manufacturing enterprise, almost everything depends on the ability of the ruling mind. This would probably be admitted by all who have tried co-operative work; but, unfortunately, they have seldom had courage to act on the principle thoroughly. They have insisted on having a hand in management as well as in practical labour; and so the leaders have not had a real chance of making the most of their skill and insight. Co-operation for production is in many ways a most attractive ideal, but it can never become a powerful social force until the workers learn that it necessarily implies on their part a good deal of rigid discipline and self-restraint.

MAD MURDERERS.—There have always been, and probably always will be as long as the world lasts, murders of the type for which the man Gorrie was sentenced to death a few days ago. This kind of crime is committed in cold blood and of deliberate purpose, the object usually being either gain or revenge. But there is another species of homicide which has become alarmingly frequent of late years; in which the murderers are—to use a phrase in one of Mr. Swinburne's poems—both "sad, mad, and bad," where the victims are closely connected with or related to the assassin—sweethearts, wives, and children are favourite game—and where the criminal—sometimes, but not invariably—finishes by killing himself, or trying to do so. That this kind of murder was rare in former times, when people led simpler and less exciting lives, and when the gallows was much more unhesitatingly applied as a remedy than it now is, is, we venture to think, proved by the fact that when such offences are chronicled in the newspapers of the day they are described in language of such astonishment as to show that they were very exceptional. But in our enlightened era—possibly too much enlightened—one tragedy succeeds another with such rapidity that we become callous. The catalogue of the last week or two is really appalling. A man at Lee tries to kill a woman with whom he is on most affectionate terms, and then cuts his own throat; a barmaid, also a sweetheart—the word sounds ironical in this connection—is shot at Kentish Town; a Sheffield cutler in a drunken fury murders his baby; a Birmingham gun-maker shoots his wife; a man at New Brighton tries to kill his wife, and does kill his two boys; and a farmer at Louth shoots his wife and her brother. This latter desperado remarked to the policeman: "I expect it will be a swinging job, as they hang crazy men and drunkards." Unfortunately that is just what they don't do. Only the other day a fellow who murdered his aunt was acquitted as a criminal lunatic, because he was suffering from *delirium tremens*. If all assassins of this sad, mad, bad type were hanged without mercy, and a heavy tax placed on revolvers, this epidemic of maniacal murder might be diminished.

PARNELLITE RESIGNATIONS.—The political world is watching with both interest and amusement the personal transformation of the Parnellite party. One by one the old stalwarts are dropping out of its ranks, to give place to a new element of an entirely different character. It may be that Mr. Parnell has no alternative but to recruit among these who will not tax his financial resources. That is one

rumour; another conjecture credits him with a desire to infuse more culture into his Parliamentary following. Perhaps both considerations may be operating in his mind. In any case, a process of metamorphosis is evidently going on, apparently with Mr. Parnell's approval. Will the "New Model" fight as gallantly as the old one? Will he display those peculiar qualities which have rendered the "items" such a formidable factor in the House of Commons? His eloquence may be more chastened, but will it be so ready? He may be equally willing to carry on all-night sittings, but how about his physical powers? The genuine Parnellite member is *sui generis*; not to be frowned down by Speaker or Chairman, quick to discover weak points, entirely irrepressible when bent on wasting time, not burdened with diffidence, splendid in his tropes and figures of speech, sublimely courageous in inconsistency, and with a certain picturesqueness of form, feature, and accent, which make even his perversities add to the humours of Parliament. From this point of view, we should regret to see him replaced by recruits drawn from the English Universities, and we even doubt whether Mr. Parnell would find these young gentlemen such effective guerillas as the old type. Moreover, if Ireland is ever to have a Parliament of her own, it would look odd were most of its members to be as devoid of brogue as of humour.

THE SLAV CONGRESS.—There is some dispute among the Panslavists as to the town in which their great forthcoming Congress ought to be held. Some of them favour Prague, but the majority seem to feel that the German element in that city might act as a disagreeable hostile influence. Probably, therefore, Belgrade will be selected. The promoters of the Congress pretend that its only object will be to take into consideration the common intellectual interests of the various Slavonic peoples. The Slavophil Committee of St. Petersburg would hardly, however, have resolved to subscribe 200,000 roubles towards the costs of the assembly if the intention had been merely to consult about the encouragement of Slavonic literature. What is wanted is, of course, to foster the Panslavonic idea in its widest meaning, and especially to prepare the way for the political success of the movement. Panslavism as a political force is still active in Russia, although we have not heard quite so much of it lately as we did a few years ago. A more foolish movement, if judged in the light of reason, has seldom troubled the world. When it began, most people assumed that persons who spoke dialects of the same language necessarily belonged to the same race. Now it is known that language cannot be accepted as a test of race, and that the Slavs—like the so-called Latin races, and like the so-called Celts and Teutons—include many very different ethnological elements. Even if this were not the case, what would be gained by the union of the Slavonic peoples in one vast State? A Panslavonic Empire would be too unwieldy to last; it would inevitably soon fall to pieces. Absurd as the scheme is, we must not suppose that it has no chance of being a menace to the peace of Europe. It has plenty of zealous supporters, and the proceedings of the Slav Congress will no doubt be very carefully watched by more than one Continental Government.

A PROPOSAL OF DISARMAMENT.—During the palmy days of the Second Empire, at a time when Napoleon the Third was supposed to entertain hostile designs against this country, four Liverpool merchants gained a temporary notoriety, mingled with an expression of ridicule which was scarcely merited, by writing a letter to the French potentate, asking him to state distinctly what his intentions really were. We are reminded of this almost forgotten incident by a curious scene which took place the other day in the American Senate, when, during a discussion on the Naval Supply Bill, Senator Blair declined to vote for three additional battleships, until Great Britain, in her naval and military capacity, had been requested to "bunk" from the shores of the North American Continent generally. The Senator is most explicit in his demands. He asks that Great Britain should "vacate Puget Sound, start herself from Halifax, leave the Bermudas, and quit Jamaica." He believes, moreover, that if the matter were properly put before us, we should accede to this modest request, and then Uncle Sam would not need any more war-vessels, for it would seem that Great Britain is the only foreign Power which causes him any uneasiness. Senator Blair's proviso was rejected, but nevertheless we may be sure that his proposal struck an approving chord in the breasts of many of his countrymen. It simply states, in a naked, brutal way, the celebrated Monroe doctrine. The American Eagle wants no European Monarchies roosting on her soil. She does not mind Republics, provided they are feeble for offensive purposes; and, now that Emperor Peter has been ejected from Brazil, there is but one objectionable interloper between the North Pole and Cape Horn. His name is John Bull; and, despite all the talk about the traditional friendship between two kindred nations, there are other people in the United States besides Senator Blair who would be glad to see John also depart.

EGYPTIAN FINANCE.—Sir Edgar Vincent will find it hard to convince those who have watched the course of events that the Egyptian conversion-scheme just sanctioned

by France is practically the same as that proposed last year by the Khédivial Government. There are many notable differences between them, and in every instance the change is to the disadvantage of Egypt. It is true that a considerable saving is shown on paper as accruing from the conversion of the Privileged, Domains, Daira, and Four-and-a-Half per Cent. debts. But the disposal of the amount thus retrenched is left for future consideration, and until that is arrived at the Cairo Treasury will be no better off than at present. Sir Edgar Vincent has managed to convince himself that in a short time the French Government will relax its grip on this locked-up reserve-fund. It may do so, no doubt, but the Convention does not contain the slightest hint to that effect. As matters now stand, Egypt is in the position of a needy person whose trustees have the power—and use it—to keep back from him a portion of his income. The savings resulting from the Conversion operation belong of right to the Cairo Treasury; to keep them back from it necessitates so much additional taxation. A parallel case would be if the million and a half saved by Mr. Goschen's Conversion of Consols had been tied up for an indefinite period instead of being brought into the national account. Every country has a right to derive advantage from the enhancement of its credit; but, in the case of Egypt, this right is practically denied and withheld on the absurd pretext that waiting can do no harm. And while, on the one hand, the profits of Conversion are locked up until it pleases France to let them flow into the Cairo Treasury; on the other, the fellahs have to provide the additional interest required for the new Irrigation Loan. Verily, France is not a good friend to Egypt.

EXCAVATIONS IN GREECE.—In his recent lectures at the Royal Institution, Dr. Waldstein gave an account of the excavations which have been carried on during the last few years in Greece, and in the countries associated with the ancient history of the Hellenic race. A more fascinating story of the kind has not been told for many a day. To scholars the facts were of course well known; but the general public had only a vague idea of what had been accomplished, and knew hardly anything of the intellectual significance of the discoveries that had been made. Some of the objects discovered by means of these excavations take us back to the earliest periods of Greek life, and perhaps to the time when the country, afterwards called Hellas, was occupied by non-Aryan tribes. Others throw light on the most illustrious ages of Greek Art, and on the various stages of progress through which the Hellenic genius advanced to its highest activity. Not so very long ago it seemed that nothing remained to be found out about the ancient Greeks. Every conceivable source of knowledge appeared to have been exhausted. Now, as Dr. Waldstein showed, there is good reason for the belief that we may, if we please, add enormously to our knowledge of the subject. We have the opportunity, if we choose to take advantage of it, of obtaining a fuller and fresher idea than has hitherto been possible of every aspect of Greek civilisation, and of the various civilisations which surrounded it, and by which its development was to some extent effected. Excavations cannot, however, be conducted without a good deal of expenditure; and it is still uncertain whether educated Englishmen are willing to take an important part in this new and most attractive kind of enterprise. As yet they have not subscribed very liberally towards the support of the British School at Athens, by means of which much excellent work might easily be done. In these matters Germany and France act through their respective Governments; but in England everything must depend on private effort. It will hardly be creditable to us if an appeal for funds is less successful here than it has been among our kinsfolk in America.

REGISTRATION OF CLUBS.—Mr. Webster's Bill is aimed at those establishments which, though euphemistically called clubs, have none of that good fellowship which ought to characterise a true club, but are simply gambling and drinking dens. As such they do a vast amount of mischief among the clerks and artisans by whom they are frequented; and if the Bill should become law, and cause their extinction in their present pernicious aspect, many a wife and parent will rejoice. The Bill divides clubs into two classes, members' and proprietary clubs. The former will be liable to the registration and inspection appropriate to an ordinary Friendly Society; while the latter will merely have the status of ordinary licensed premises. As all existing clubs come under the provisions of the Bill as well as those hereafter to be constituted, the proposal will naturally create some excitement in the fashionable and exclusive establishments at the West End. Drunkenness in such clubs is practically unknown, and should a member commit himself in this respect he would be speedily shown the door. We should be rash to say that gambling never takes place in West End Clubs, but still there is a vast difference between hazarding money among personal friends and doing the same thing in what is practically a professional "hell," with the usual concomitants of cheating and trickery. If the Bill is so drawn as not to inflict unwelcome restraints on clubs which are really well conducted, Parliament may be disposed to view it favourably as a means of rooting out haunts which are morally far more harmful than the much-abused "pub."

CLERGYMEN'S PARLIAMENTARY DISABILITIES.—The *apologia* just put forward by Mr. Diggle for freeing himself from those legal disabilities which prevent a clergyman of the Established Church from entering the House of Commons does not show much of a grievance in his particular case. When he entered the ministry, he must have been aware that his doing so closed to him the chance of Parliamentary distinction unless he took the step he now announces. The Church, be it remembered, is considerably represented in the Upper House, a privilege not shared by Nonconformity, and it is only equitable, therefore, that Dissenting divines should be eligible for seats in that other Assembly, into which ministers of the Establishment cannot enter. Apart, however, from this consideration, it is difficult to see any substantial reason why clergymen should be differently treated to officers of the naval, military, and civil services. These are equally connected with the State, and when they become M.P.'s they must neglect either their professional duties or the interests of their constituents. No doubt it would create more scandal to have the rector of a country parish hanging about Westminster, except on Sundays, for six months every year. Still, he could keep a closer eye on his flock and on his *locum tenens* than a military officer could over his men, if he were in London and they at Calcutta or Cape Town. It may be said, perhaps, that a parson would be able to use spiritual influence in obtaining election. But that argument tells equally against the candidature of clergymen of other denominations. The truth is, that very few really zealous divines, whether belonging to one body or another, would care to leave their flocks, while those who are not zealous in their cure of souls would stand very little chance of getting elected by spiritual influence.

NOTICE.—With this number is issued an EXTRA TWO-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled "PICTURES OF THE YEAR, II."

READY MONDAY, JUNE 30.

THE SUMMER NUMBER OF "THE GRAPHIC"

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

A BEAUTIFULLY EXECUTED PRESENTATION PLATE,
PRINTED IN COLOURS,

ENTITLED.

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 "THE LITANY." From the Painting by L. BERNARD HALL.
 "CORNERED." From the Painting by FRANK DADD, R.I.
 "HONEYMOON HARDSHIPS." Illustrating the sad experience of a newly married couple in search of quiet and repose. Drawn by J. C. DOLLMAN, R.I.
 "A SUMMER DREAM." Drawn by HERBERT GANDY.
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 "WATER TOBOGGANING." A Novel Amusement. Drawn by SYDNEY P. HALL.
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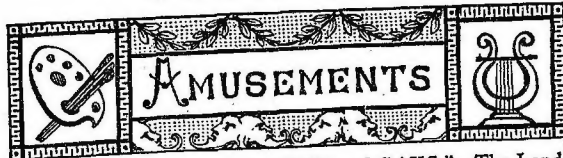
THE SUMMER NUMBER OF "THE GRAPHIC"

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By PARCELS POST 3D. EXTRA.



EPSOM RACES, "THE DERBY AND OAKS."—The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company announce that they are making Special Arrangements so that Trains may be despatched at frequent intervals from both their Victoria and London Bridge Stations direct to their Race Course Station on the Epsom Downs near the Grand Stand, and for the convenience of passengers on the Epsom Downs and Midland Counties, arrangements have been made with the from the Northern and Midland Companies to issue through tickets to the Race Course Station from several principal Stations via Kensington or Victoria, to which Stations the Trains of the London and North Western, Great Western, Great Northern, and Midland Railways are now running.

The Brighton Company also give notice that their West End Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, will remain open until 10.0 p.m. on Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday, June 2nd, 3rd, and 5th, for the sale of the Special Tickets to the Epsom Downs Race Course Station, at the same fares as charged from Victoria and London Bridge Stations.

LYCEUM.—OLIVIA—TO-NIGHT (Saturday). Dr. Primrose, Mr. HENRY IRVING, Miss ELLIEN TERRY, LAST NIGHT of the SEASON (Miss Ellen Terry's Annual Benefit). Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open to 5.—LYCEUM

CRITERION THEATRE.—Leasee and Manager, Mr. CHAS. WYNDHAM.—Every Evening at 9. SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER. Mr. Charles Wyndham, Messrs. G. Giddens, W. Blakeley, W. Draycott, S. Valentine, Mr. Victor, E. Leyshon, and Mary Moore. Priced at 8.0 by Messrs. M. A. Victor, E. Leyshon, and Mary Moore. SPECIAL MATINEE OF DAVID LIVINGSTONE. Doors open 7.45. GARRICK on SATURDAY, May 31, at Three.

ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL.
 NEXT TUESDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 3, at half-past Two.
 NIGHT
 "THE MOST NOTABLE
 AND BRILLIANT ATTRACTION OF THE SEASON
 on the occasion of
 MR. FREDERICK BURGESS'S
 DAY AND NIGHT MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC FETE.
 The unrivalled Company of the Moore and Burgess Minstrels will present an entirely New Set of Songs in the First Part, including one written by Byron Webber, Music composed by Walter Slaughter, expressly for this occasion. The Torreador Song and Chorus from Carmen, and a Grand Selection from Meyerbeer's Operas of The Prophet and The Hugenots. A New Comic Medley Song, by Mr. G. W. Moore. Two entirely New and Original Comic Songs, composed by Ivan Caryll, will be sung by Eugene Stratton, for the powerful array of Artists will appear at the respective performances. See the next advertisement. Doors open at 1.30 and 6.30.

**MR. FREDERICK BURGESS'S
 GREAT DAY AND NIGHT FETE
 ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL.
 NEXT TUESDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 3, at half-past Two.
 NIGHT
 TWO ENORMOUS PROGRAMMES—
 The following Eminent Artists will appear at the DAY PERFORMANCE—
 Madame CAMILLE D'ARVILLE, Prima Donna of the Carl Rosa Light Opera Company, Prince of Wales Theatre; Miss PHYLIS BROUGHTON, Prima of Wales Theatre; Miss KATE JAMES, Adelphe Theatre; Mr. JAMES FERNANDEZ; Mr. CHARLES GLENNY; Mr. HARRY MONKHOUSE, Prima of Wales Theatre. At the EVENING PERFORMANCE—Mr. EDWARD SHORTIS, the Greatest Piano Performer in the World; the renowned Humorist and Mimic, Mr. G. W. KENWAY; Mr. CHARLES COBORN; Mr. HENRY BAGE; and the Wonderful LITTLE TITCH. Music Director, Mr. IVAN CARYLL, conductor of the Lyric Theatre.
 Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area and Gallery, 1s. Tickets can be obtained at Tree's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, from 9.30 a.m. daily. Immediate application for reserved seats will be necessary.
 For the convenience of families residing at a distance from London, tickets can be secured by post, provided a stamped and ready directed envelope is sent together with a Postal Order for the value of the tickets required, to Basil Tree, St. James's Hall.**

ITALIAN ART GALLERY.—The New Colossal PICTURE, "DEEDS NOT WORDS," and Others, by Professor SCIUTI (whose works, exhibited at the late Italian Exhibition, 1888, were bought by Colonel J. T. North), are now on View. Admission, from 10 to 12, 1s.—Bloombsbury Hall, 26A, Hart Street, Oxford Street, W.C. (near Mudie's).

ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION.—The attention of VISITORS is respectfully invited to the "WORKING DAIRY" of the LONDON and PROVINCIAL DAIRY COMPANY.

FRENCH EXHIBITION.
 (Earl's Court and West Brompton.)

BEST EXHIBITS AND ATTRACTIONS
 from
 THE PARIS UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION, 1889
 FINE ARTS AND INDUSTRIES
 THE LOUVRE AND CHAMPS ELYSEES.
 ILLUMINATION OF THE EIFFEL TOWER.
 MOST CHARMING GARDENS IN LONDON
 THE "WILD EAST."
 ILLUSTRATIONS OF AFRICAN LIFE AND SCENERY.
 GRAND ILLUMINATIONS BY PAIR.
 Admission, to the Exhibition, 1s.; 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. Season Tickets, 10s.; Children, 5s. At usual Agents and at Exhibition.

**H.R.H. the DUCHESS OF FIFE will OPEN a GRAND
 BAZAAR on THURSDAY, June 5, at twelve noon, in AID of the
 FUNDS of the NORTH LONDON or UNIVERSITY COLLEGE HOSPITAL, in the Grounds of University College, Gower Street, W.C.
 The Scots Guards and other bands will be in attendance, and various entertainments will take place from time to time.
 The bazaar will be open for two days, under Royal and distinguished patronage. Ladies and others willing to supply articles free for sale at the bazaar, which should be labelled with the price, are invited to communicate with the secretary. Admission—First day, from 11.30 a.m. to 2.30 p.m., 5s.; ditto from 2.30 to seven p.m., 2s. 6d. Second day, from 2.30 to five p.m., 5s. 6d.; ditto, from five to eight p.m., 1s. Children under 12 half-price.
 The 5s. tickets are available for both days, and if purchased before June 5 two can be obtained for 7s. 6d.
 Donations and annual subscriptions are earnestly solicited, and will be thankfully received by Augustus Prevost, Esq., B.A., Treasurer, 79, Westbourne Terrace; or by Newton H. Nixon, Secretary.**

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.
 MR.—CARNIVAL TIME, by Malcolm Watson, music by Corney Grain; and an entirely new musical sketch, by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled "TOMMY AT COLLEGE." Monday, Wednesday, Friday at Eight. Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday at Three. Stalls, 5s. and 3s. Admission 2s. and 1s. Stalls may be booked without fee by letter, telegram, or telephone (No. 3,840).—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place, W.

PLEASURE CRUISES TO THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT
 Sun. The Orient Company's Steamships "GARONNE" (3,876 tons), and "CHIMBORAZO" (3,847 tons), will make a series of trips to Norway during the season, visiting the finest Fjords. The dates of departure from London will be as follows, and from Leith two days later.

June 4th for 15 days.	July 15th for 15 days.
June 18th for 27 days.	July 29th for 27 days.
June 25th for 15 days.	Aug. 8th for 15 days.

The steamers will be navigated through the "Inner Lead," 14, inside the Fringe of Islands off the Coast of Norway, thus securing smooth water; those of the 18th June and 25th July will proceed to the North Cape, where the Sun may be seen above the horizon at midnight. The "Garonne" and "Chimborazo" are fitted with electric light, hot and cold baths, &c. Cuisine of the highest order.
 Managers, F. GREEN and CO., 13, Fenchurch Avenue; ANDERSON, ANDERSON, and CO., 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C. For further particulars apply to the latter firm.

YACHTING CRUISE TO THE LEVANT AND CRIMEA.—The ORIENT COMPANY will despatch their steamship "CUZCO," 3,918 tons register, 4,000 horse power, from London on July 1, for a six weeks cruise, visiting Piræus (for Athens), Constantinople, Sebastopol, Balaklava, Yalta (for Livadia), Mudania (for Brusa), Mount Athos, and calling en route at various places in the Mediterranean. The month of July is considered the most pleasant time for cruising in the Mediterranean and the Black Sea. The "CUZCO" is fitted with electric light, hot and cold baths, &c. Cuisine of the highest order.
 Managers, F. GREEN and CO., 13, Fenchurch Avenue, E.C.; ANDERSON, ANDERSON, and CO., 5, Fenchurch Avenue, E.C. For terms and further particulars apply to the latter firm.

SUMMER HOLIDAYS.—Tours to the West Coast and Fjords of Norway. Quickest and Cheapest Route. The splendid new first-class steamer "ST. SUNNIVA," 3,000 tons, leaves Leith and Aberdeen on June 7th for twelve days cruise. Fortnightly thereafter. Full particulars and Handbooks, 3d., may be had from W.A. MALCOLM, 102, Queen Victoria St., E.C. SEWELL and CROWTHICK, 15, Cockspur St., Charing Cross, S.W. THOS. COOK and SONS, Ludgate Circus, E.C., and all Branch Offices, and GUION and CO., 25, Water St., Liverpool.

YACHTING CRUISE TO ICELAND,
 THE BRITISH YACHTING CO.'S FULL-POWERED STEAM YACHT

"MYRTLE"
 320 Tons, 512 H.P. Captain B. WILLIAMS, Commander.
 Will Leave LIVERPOOL for her first trip to ICELAND, on SATURDAY, JUNE 14th.

And subsequent voyages on June 26th and July 9th.
 The Voyage and Excursions in the Island will occupy about three weeks. Fare, Thirty-five Guineas. This includes every expense on board and on shore, except wines, which can be purchased on board. The party will be conducted to places of interest in the Island by thoroughly experienced and trustworthy guides. Every provision has been made for the comfort and convenience of passengers. As only about thirty passengers will be taken each trip, early application is advisable. For further particulars apply Messrs. T. COOK and SONS, Ludgate Circus, E.C., and 51, Lord Street, Liverpool.

EPSOM RACES.—June 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th.
 LONDON, BRIGHTON, and SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.
 THE ONLY ROUTE to the Epsom Downs Station (on the Race Course) is from London Bridge, Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), and Clapham Junction.

EPSOM DOWNS STATION.—This spacious and convenient Station, within a few minutes' walk of the Grand Stand, has been specially prepared for the Epsom Race Traffic, and additional First Class Ladies' Waiting Rooms, elegantly furnished, will be provided.

FREQUENT DIRECT SPECIAL EXPRESS and CHEAP TRAINS between the above Stations on all four days of the Races, also extra First Class Special Express Trains on the "Derby" and "Oaks" days.

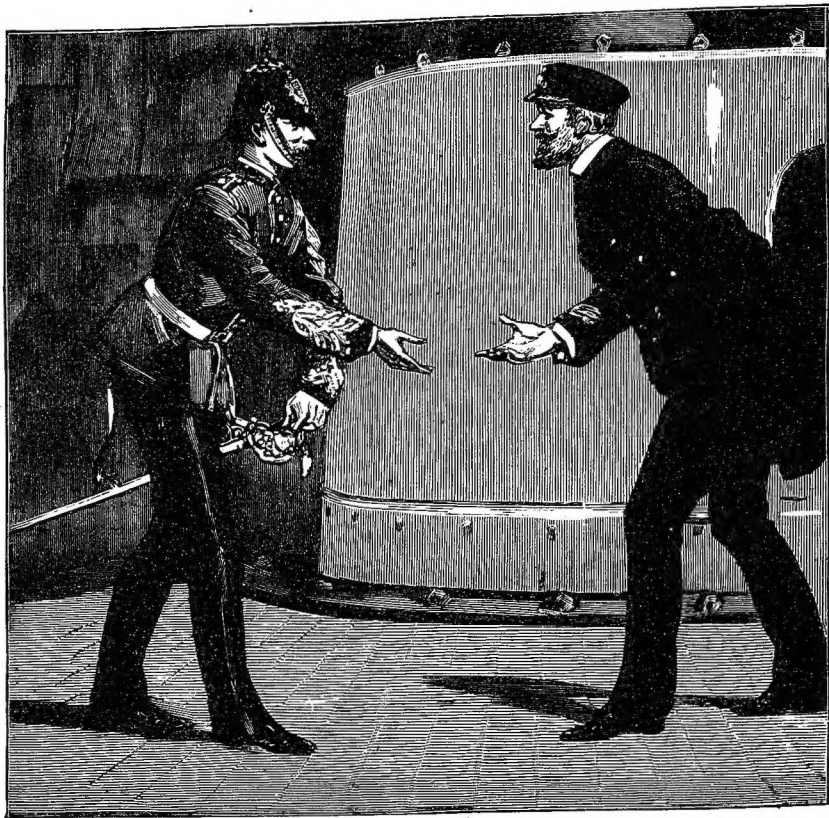
EPSOM TOWN STATION.—Express and Cheap Trains to Epsom Town Stations (L. B. and S. C. Ry.) will also run as required from London Bridge, Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), and Clapham Junction. The Express and Cheap Tickets issued to Epsom Downs will be available to return from Epsom Town Station.

THROUGH BOOKINGS.—Arrangements have been made with the London and North Western, Great Western, Great Northern, and Midland Railways, to issue Through Tickets from all their principal Stations to the Epsom Downs Station on the Race Course.

The Trains of the above Railway Companies all run either to the Victoria or Kensington (Addison Road) Stations in connection with the above Special Trains to the Epsom Downs Station.

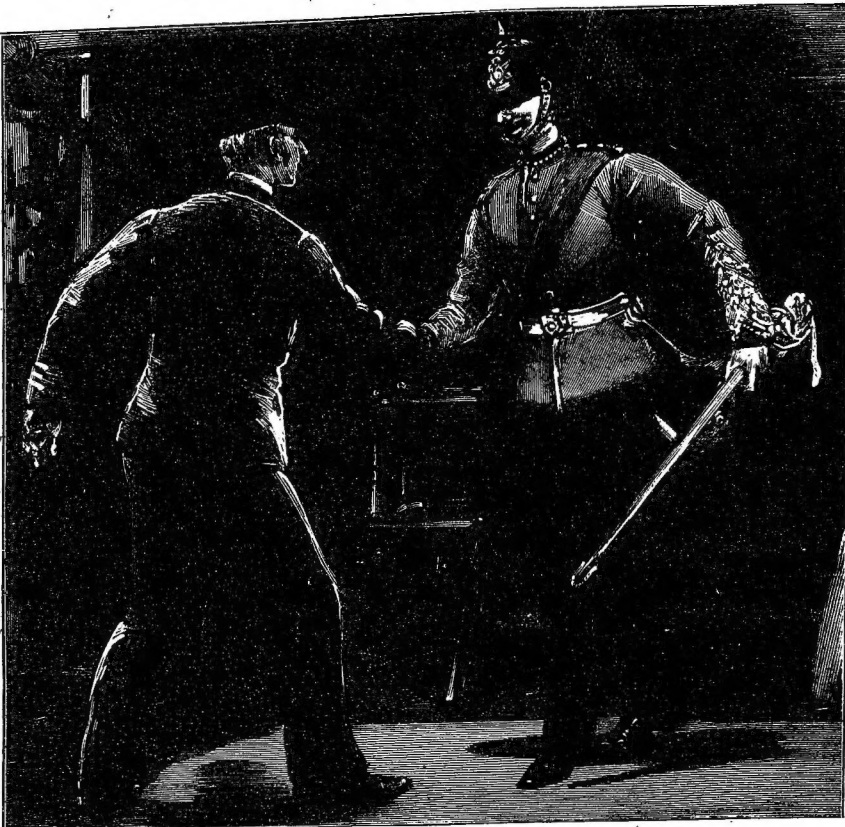
FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS, see small bills, to be had at London Bridge, Victoria, and Kensington (Addison Road) Stations, and at the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, also at their City Office, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate Circus Office; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand, where Tickets may also be obtained.

The West End Offices will remain open until 10.0 p.m. on Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday, June 2nd, 4th, and 6th.
 (By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.



I WAS PLEASED WITH MY CORDIAL RECEPTION

"How are you, General? Very glad indeed you are appointed to this ship. Of course you have no objection to being our wine-caterer?"

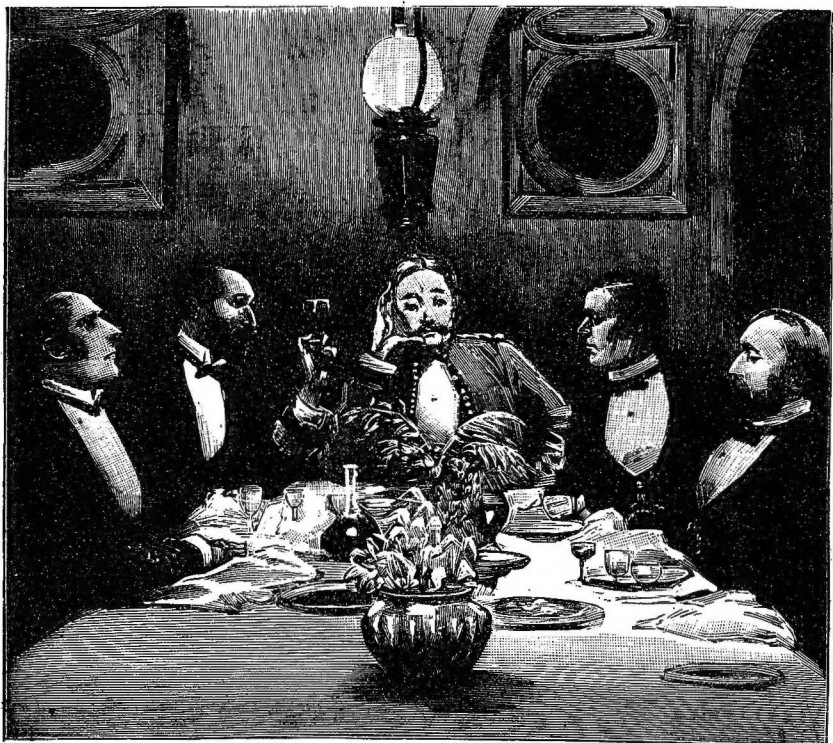


INDEED, I SEEMED TO BE IN GREAT REQUEST

"So glad, Colonel, you came to us. Do you mind looking after our card and paper fund?"



WHEN, UPON A SHOW OF HANDS BEING MADE, I WAS UNANIMOUSLY ELECTED MESS PRESIDENT, MY PRIDE WAS UNBOUNDED



AFTER A FEW DAYS, HOWEVER, THINGS BEGAN TO LOOK LESS ROSY

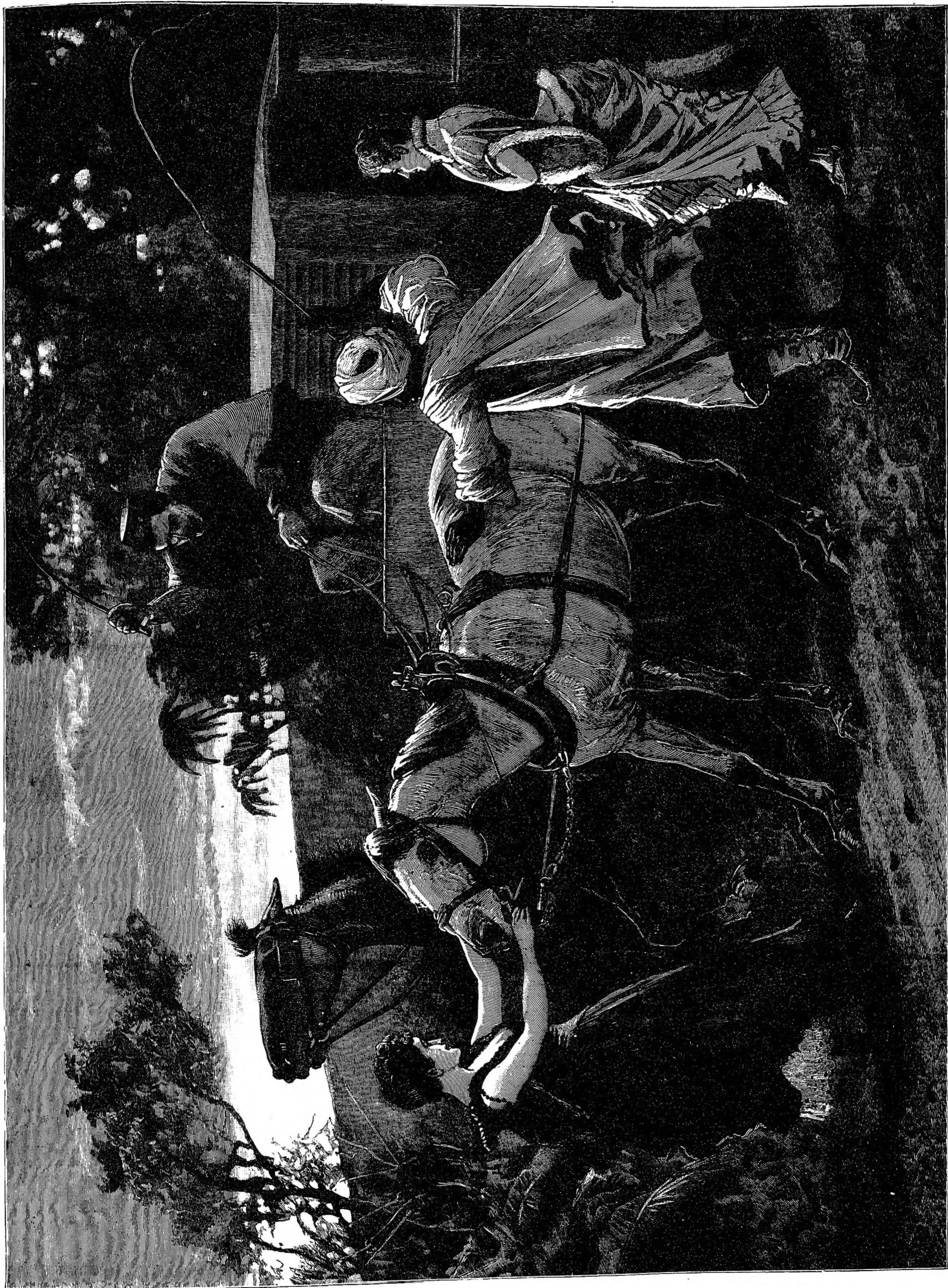
Chorus of Malcontents: "I say, o'd man, this port is simply awful." "The sherry is a jolly sight worse." "The Scotch whiskey is simply vitriol." "And the Irish—ugh!"



AT THE END OF A FORTNIGHT THINGS GROW DESPERATE, AND I THROW UP THE WHOLE THING

"MY FIRST EMBARKATION"

THE EXPERIENCES OF A MARINE SUBALTERN ON JOINING HIS SHIP



"THE ART OF PERSUASION"—RETURNING FROM A BALL IN INDIA

THE GRAPHIC

606



THE PRINCE OF WALES AND PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES AT BERLIN

THIS engraving, which is reproduced from a photograph taken at Berlin (by special command of the Emperor) by W. Höffert, Court Photographer, shows the Prince of Wales in the tile-red full dress of the Blücher Hussar Regiment. The furred coat which H.R.H. wears round his shoulders is made of dark blue cloth, lined with white silk, and trimmed with Kamtschatka beaver. Only the chiefs of the Prussian Hussar regiments are entitled to wear these fur coats. Prince George wears the light blue uniform of the First Regiment of Dragoon Guards, with the signature of Queen Victoria of England on the epaulets. Both the uniforms worn on this occasion were presented to his illustrious guests by the Emperor William.—The foregoing description is written, and the photograph is sent to us, by Baron Oscar von Sterpeto, Hamburg.

"MY FIRST EMBARKATION"

THE youthful marine subaltern who is the hero of our pictures is delighted to find, on joining his ship, that all the stories he has heard of the friction between naval officers and officers of marines are entirely fictitious. At any rate he is received with the greatest cordiality. At the captain's especial request he at once assumes the important office of wine-caterer, to which, in response to the urgent representation of other members of the Mess, he adds other duties, finally accepting the Presidency. But, alas! in a short time he discovers that all this cordiality was not entirely disinterested. The Presidential Chair, he finds, only resembles a bed roses in respect of its numerous thorns. The sailor-man is famed for his grumbling propensities, and his most bitter complaints are levelled at the devoted head of the Mess-President. Driven to desperation, he at last resigns the office, in the forcible manner depicted in our last engraving, and having done so finds, doubtless, that his tormentors are very good fellows, who were only "taking a rise" out of their newly-joined comrade.—Our engravings are from sketches by Captain MacLurian, R.M.L.I., H.M.S. *Collingwood*.

"THE ART OF PERSUASION"

THIS engraving represents an adventure which befel Miss Eastwood (to whom we are indebted for our sketch) in India. She and her friends were returning from the ball of the 15th Bengal Cavalry, when the old gharry horses ran into a hedge, and jibbed perpetually thereafter for a quarter of an hour. The word "persuasion" in the title seems to be used rather euphemistically, for both the native driver and his employer are plying their whips vigorously; while one of the young ladies, with all the force of her feminine muscles, is hauling at the head of the most stubborn of the two recalcitrant steeds.

THE MILITARY JUBILEE GIFT TO THE QUEEN

WE have already given an account of the presentation of this memorial gift to Her Majesty, on the afternoon of May 10th, at Buckingham Palace. As here we engrave a representation of the gift itself, which is the work of Mr. Alfred Gilbert, A.R.A., and has occupied him for nearly three years, a somewhat fuller description may be advisable. The gift consists of a large centre-piece, worked in hammered silver gilt. In a sea of coloured marble, mounted on an ebony base, float two tritons, supporting on their heads and tails the body of the piece of work, or the chief receptacle. On the centre of the front edge stands a figure of St. George, bearing the head of the slain dragon in his left hand. On the rear edge stands a figure of Britannia, around whose head runs the legend, "Sol mea testis." A stem arises out of the basin, and bears a globe of pure crystal. On the top of this globe rests a double-tailed mermaid, the wings and tails of which are inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The wings and tails support a large shell, which constitutes the second receptacle. From the knob of the shell rises the head-piece of the work, making the whole about forty inches high. The summit is a figure of the Goddess of Peace, balancing on a small globe of lapis-lazuli, and bearing in one hand a sheaf of palms, and in the other a flaming torch. She is crowned with a double crown.—The Queen has allowed this memorial to be shown at the Royal Military Exhibition, where it will be found in the Battle Gallery.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, CLUMBER

THE new church at Clumber, which has just been erected at the sole expense of the Duke of Newcastle, stands in a most charming situation within the gardens attached to the house, the site selected being surrounded on three sides by a lawn, commanding beautiful views of the lake and park. The building is a revival of one of those smaller ministers of which so many beautiful examples are to be found in various parts of England, that is to say, though only the size of an ordinary parish church, it is planned like a cathedral, having a nave, transepts, central tower, and a long and stately choir with aisles. This type of church is peculiar to this country, and the English character has been carefully preserved even to the minutest detail. The church is constructed for the most part of the beautiful red Runcorn stone, but, externally, a white stone is used for some portion of the walling, which was rendered necessary, as it was thought advisable to re-use the material of a former chapel which stood on the site of the present church, and which, though erected only a quarter of a century back, was never completed, nor used for Divine Service.

Internally, Clumber Church is entirely of red sandstone, no plaster or other materials (except a few marble shafts) being anywhere used, and the whole building is vaulted. The first objects which strike one upon entering the church are the massive arches supporting the central tower, and the lofty and graceful choir seen through them. The beauty of the view is greatly enhanced by the elaborate carved oak Rood Screen, which stands under the chancel arch, through which is seen the principal altar, adorned with carvings in alabaster, representing the Annunciation.

The Reredos of this altar is at present unfinished. The space between the east window and the altar is, however, hung with very handsome curtains. Most of the windows of the church are fitted with stained glass, which is remarkable for its rich and subdued colouring, combined with that silvery-grey effect which is one of the leading characteristics of ancient glass. One of the choir aisles forms a kind of Morning Chapel, and is furnished with an altar with a fine carved stone Reredos, adorned with angels and statues representing the Annunciation. The richly moulded arches and piers, dividing this chapel from the choir, and the corresponding series on the opposite side, are amongst the most striking features of this beautiful church. His Grace the Duke of Newcastle was fortunate in the selection of Messrs. G. F. Bodley, A.R.A., and T. Garner as his architects, for those gentlemen have produced one of the most perfect and complete revivals of Mediæval Gothic architecture to be found in this country.

H. W. B.

"MADAME LEROUX"

A NEW serial story by Frances Eleanor Trollope, illustrated by Percy Macquoid, is continued on page 609.

"UNCLE TOBY AND WIDOW WADMAN"

THE original of this engraving is in the National Gallery, and is perhaps the most popular of all the pictures of the late C. R. Leslie. The scene represented is from Sterne's "Tristram Shandy," where Mrs. Wadman, who has been laying amorous siege to Uncle Toby's heart—that innocent gentleman being quite unaware of her guile—comes to Uncle Toby's sentry-box, and asks him to examine her left eye, into which a mote or sand has got, she says. After looking with the greatest good-nature, "I protest, madam," said my Uncle Toby, "I can see nothing whatever in your eye." "It is not in the white," said Mrs. Wadman; "whereupon "my Uncle Toby looked with might and main into the pupil." C. R. Leslie, who died in 1859, was born, in 1794, in Clerkenwell, of American parents, returned to Philadelphia, came back to Europe to study Art, and ultimately was permanently domiciled here. Ruskin says: "There has perhaps never been a greater master than Leslie of the phases of such delicate expression on the human face as may be excited by the slight passions and humours of the drawing-room or boudoir. His subtleties of expression are endlessly delightful."

"THE CHESTER YEOMANRY"

See page 613

NOTES AT NEWMARKET

OF late years training establishments have grown up in many other parts of the South of England, but Newmarket remains *par excellence* the home of the English thoroughbred. It has been said that an officer of the British Army need never, from the cradle to the grave, go outside the County of Surrey, owing to the inclusion within its borders of Wellington College, Sandhurst, Aldershot, the Staff College, and, lastly, Woking Cemetery. Certainly the British racehorse may have a long and glorious career without ever leaving Newmarket. Our engravings illustrate some incidents in the career of the thoroughbred. One of them shows the newly-born foal in the stall of his proud mother being inspected by his owner and his owner's friends. It is an interesting spectacle, for who knows? perhaps that feeble-looking little creature, all legs and no body, is a future winner of the Two Thousand or Derby. Next we see some lady visitors looking over the young thoroughbreds, who are beginning to feel their powers now, and run rare races with one another in the paddock. Soon they will be making their *début* before the public in two-year-old races. But it is as a three-year-old that the racehorse has the greatest chance of winning fame and fortune—fame for himself, fortune for his "connections." The owner who is paying a visit to his stable bears a strong resemblance to the Duke of Portland, who in Ayrshire, Donovan, Semolina, and Memoir has had such a wonderful succession of first-class horses. Lastly we see the crowning event in the racehorse's career. The great race is about to be decided, and the "favourite" is holding quite a *levée* in the saddling-paddock. In a few moments the race will be over, and his reputation made or marred.

THE OBERAMMERGAU PASSION PLAY

See page 616

THE FESTIVITIES AT ALTENBURG

See page 611

PICTURES OF THE YEAR
II.

"ONWARD," by Sir John Gilbert, is a spirited composition, both horse and rider being equally full of vigour and vitality, in the veteran painter's well-known style. In "Sweethearts," Mr. Burton Barber has abandoned his usual vein of humour for sentiment. The mutual affection of the pair is unmistakable, and the attitude of the collie, with his paws resting on his young mistress's lap, is admirably rendered. By the combined efforts of M. Sardou, Madame Sarah Bernhardt, and Miss Grace Hawthorne, the Empress Theodora has become quite a popular figure in these latter days. In Mr. Prinsep's picture we see her *en grand tenue*, looking rather stiff and haughty, as if oppressed by her fine clothes, and not nearly so fascinating as the lady-in-waiting holding a feather-fan over her head. "Love's Stratagem," by Heywood Hardy, introduces us to a pretty landscape, horses, dogs, and brightly-clad figures, the interest, moreover, being heightened by the introduction of a dramatic little incident, the clandestine delivery of a *billet doux* by the lover to his sweetheart, the vigilance of the elders being temporarily turned in another direction. Mr. Strutt might have called his picture "Dazzled," "How Happy Could I Be with Any of You!" The spectacle is really too much for poor Reynard's feelings—a series of toothsome Michaelmas dinners (so to speak) passing under his nose at the same moment; and he, for prudential reasons probably, not daring to make a spring. Mr. Dendy Sadler is always welcome, if only because he takes us back to a period when life was (or at any rate now seems to have been) more leisurely, more simple, and more enjoyable than the feverish existence of the present day. The trio of sportsmen shown in "The First of September" have made a very slender bag, but, nevertheless, they are going to have a thoroughly cosy evening. Mr. W. C. Horsley's picture, "On the Road to the Pyramids," is also of a humorous quality, the humour—as in many of Mr. J. E. Hodgson's works—consisting in the contrast between Eastern and Western types of mankind. Here the contrast lies between a brace of Tommy Atkinses—good samples of the drilled English rustic—and the voluble barelegged Egyptian donkey-boy, with whom they are endeavouring to arrange a ride.



POLITICAL.—Mr. Gladstone could not allow the Whitsun holidays to pass without producing some oratory, and that on a rather extensive scale. By arrangement, he addressed on Tuesday at Hawarden a number of Bristol admirers, headed by Sir Joseph Weston, the new member for the eastern division of that borough. To them he delivered a lengthy harangue largely on the old text "Remember Mitchelstown," and in defence of his recent statement that what was done there was quite on a par with the latest Siberian atrocities. Instead, however, of confuting Mr. Balfour's distinct and detailed narrative of the affair, Mr. Gladstone criticised one given in a leading article in the *Daily Telegraph*, and that for the rather odd reason that he "did not consider the responsibility of the *Daily Telegraph* to be as high as that of the Irish Minister." Having disposed of the London newspaper, he dealt with the Land Purchase Bill, which he opposed because its principle, when embodied in a measure of his own, had been condemned by the constituencies in 1886, so that, presumably, if the Government were to bring in a Home Rule Bill, it would be Mr. Gladstone's duty to oppose it, because its principle was also condemned by the

same tribunal in the same year. Stigmatising the Local Taxation Bill as a "Public House Endowment Bill," Mr. Gladstone indulged in a denunciation, more just than novel, of drunkenness and its consequences, winding up with the usual expression of a hope for the return of a Gladstonian majority at the next General Election, which, he said, "cannot be very remote, and may be much nearer than we suppose."—Mr. Childers, addressing his Edinburgh constituents on Monday, criticised Mr. Goschen's Budget. He would have preferred a reduction of the tea duty by fourpence instead of twopence, and an abolition instead of the reduction of the house duty. However, he approved of both of Mr. Goschen's reductions, and said that those who lived in small houses had cause to thank him.—Sir Charles Russell, speaking at Barnstaple, admitted that the Irish policy of Mr. Gladstone had weakened the Liberal Party, which, however, it had purified. He described Lord Hartington as a "thoroughly respectable man of the *laissez faire* kind of politician."

MR. H. M. STANLEY, in a long and striking letter to the *Times*, has commented with considerable frankness, but in a perfectly respectful tone, on Lord Salisbury's remarks last week, at the Merchant Taylors' Banquet, on the new African question. Practically, Mr. Stanley's contention is that the British East African Company obtained its Charter and invested large sums of money on the understanding that the German sphere of influence should be reserved south of the Victoria Nyanza, and that England would confine herself to the regions north of that line. Unless the terms of this understanding with Germany are rigidly adhered to, the venture of the East African Company, in Mr. Stanley's opinion, "is not worth a counterfeit sixpence."—The Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Sir James Fergusson, M.P., speaking recently on the subject of Africa, at a Conservative gathering in Ayrshire, said that England must be content with a fair share of the Dark Continent. If she attempts to dictate to all the world, she would have to keep up a larger army and navy than she now possesses. At the same time, without undertaking enormous responsibilities, the Government must give full encouragement to enterprise.

THE CONGRESS OF DELEGATES from the Co-operative Societies of Great Britain and Ireland in Session at Glasgow was opened on Monday with a long and lively address by its President, Lord Rosebery, who expatiated on the many benefits conferred by co-operation. The most suggestive portion of his address was that in which he referred to co-operation for agricultural production, saying that until co-operation has successfully dealt with land its work and aims are incomplete. What had led to the failure of most previous attempts at agricultural co-operation was that those who made them began on the credit system, and that they mixed up business largely with social experiments. Both these evils could be avoided, and the fact that enormous quantities of agricultural produce were imported from the continent—the co-operative societies represented at the Congress were, moreover, the greatest purchasers of Irish butter—pointed, he thought, to the desirability of their making a somewhat larger move than any which they had yet made in the direction of agricultural co-operation.

THE METROPOLITAN VOLUNTEERS took advantage of the Bank holiday on Whit-Monday to flock to nearly all the ranges near London and fire their third-class shots so as to become graded as second-class shots, in order to fulfil the musketry conditions of the scheme of efficiency on which the payment of the capitation grant depends. In the Whitsuntide manoeuvres at Dover, parts were assigned to detachments of the 2nd Sussex Artillery Volunteers, and of the 2nd Cinque Ports Volunteer Artillery, with the whole of the 1st Cinque Ports Volunteer Artillery, acting in conjunction with batteries of the Royal Artillery and the whole of the Kent Artillery Militia, to defend the fortress from an enemy's force supposed to have landed to the west of Dover.

THE MEASURES taken by the authorities effectually prevented the holding of a prohibited meeting near Cashel, which was announced for Monday. Late in the day Mr. W. O'Brien, M.P., succeeded for only a short time in addressing a "scratch" meeting of about one hundred people at Ballyconna in a speech of the usual truculent kind.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Duke of Montrose has been appointed Lord Clerk Register for Scotland, in succession to the late Earl of Glasgow.—The sum of 7,333*l.*, the amount of the Mansion House Fund for the sufferers by the Llanerch Colliery disaster, has been forwarded by the Lord Mayor to the Mayor of Newport.—Of the 2,000*l.* required for the Decoration Fund of the Oxford Union, 1,400*l.* have been raised.—The authorised extension of the Municipal boundaries of Manchester will add about 110,000 to the population of the city, which will then be very nearly 500,000.—At the instance of Mr. Walter Besant and other gentlemen, a memorial of the late Richard Jefferies is to be placed in Salisbury Cathedral.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in her sixty-eighth year, of Lady Baggallay, widow of the Right Hon. Sir Richard Baggallay; in his eighty-first year, of General William B. Wemyss, who entered the Indian Army in 1836, and served throughout the Scinde Campaign of 1843; in his seventy-sixth year, of Captain Richard W. Pelly, R.N., Elder Brother of the Trinity House; in his seventy-ninth year, of the O'Donovan, who took a very active part in the promotion of Public Works in the South of Ireland, and who for many years was one of the Secretaries of the Diocesan Synod; in his eighty-seventh year, of Mr. Matthew O'Flaherty, one of Daniel O'Connell's friends and lieutenants; in his seventy-third year, of Dr. George T. Fincham, formerly Senior Physician to Westminster Hospital; in his sixty-sixth year, of Mr. David Buchanan, son of an Edinburgh advocate, a prominent lawyer and politician in New South Wales, and a personal friend of Thomas Carlyle; in his seventy-seventh year, of Mr. J. W. Murland, Chairman of the Great Northern Railway Company of Ireland; and suddenly, of Mr. Thomas F. Chorley, the well-known solicitor of Moorgate Street, head of the firm in which the present City Solicitor was formerly a junior partner.

A VERY MUCH-MARRIED MAN is a young Kulin Brahmin, of ten years old, who recently espoused eighteen brides belonging to the same family. The wives consisted of six aunts, eight sisters, and four daughters, of a fellow-Brahmin, and varied in age from fifty to three months, the most juvenile spouse being brought to the ceremony on a brass plate. Among the Kulin Brahmins it is the rule that a man who receives in marriage the majority of the girls of one family must also take the remainder, otherwise the minority would be condemned to life-long celibacy. So, at least, says the *Indian Daily News*.

YET ANOTHER CHANNEL COMMUNICATION PROJECT! A French engineer proposes an ingenious arrangement, combining both bridge and tunnel, but avoiding the drawbacks of either plan. He would construct a pier or viaduct half a mile long on each side of the Channel, which would communicate by lifts in strong iron tubes with a submarine tunnel connecting the two piers. These piers could not interfere with navigation, being supported on pillars 500 yards apart, and 150 feet high; while in case of war either nation could break off communication at once, by stopping the elevator or flooding the tunnel, without injuring the work permanently. The scheme could be carried out in five or six years, and would cost from 10 to 12 millions.



SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A.

"ONWARD"

Royal Academy



C. BURTON BARBER

"SWEETHEARTS"

(By permission of Mr. Thomas McLean)

Royal Academy



VAL. C. PRINSEP, A.R.A.

"DIVA THEODORA IMPERATRIX, EMPRESS AND COMEDIAN"

Royal Academy



HEYWOOD HARDY

"LOVES STRATAGEM"
(By permission of Mr. J. P. Mendoza, St. James's Gallery, King Street, S.W.)

Royal Academy



A. W. STRUTT

"DAZZLED"

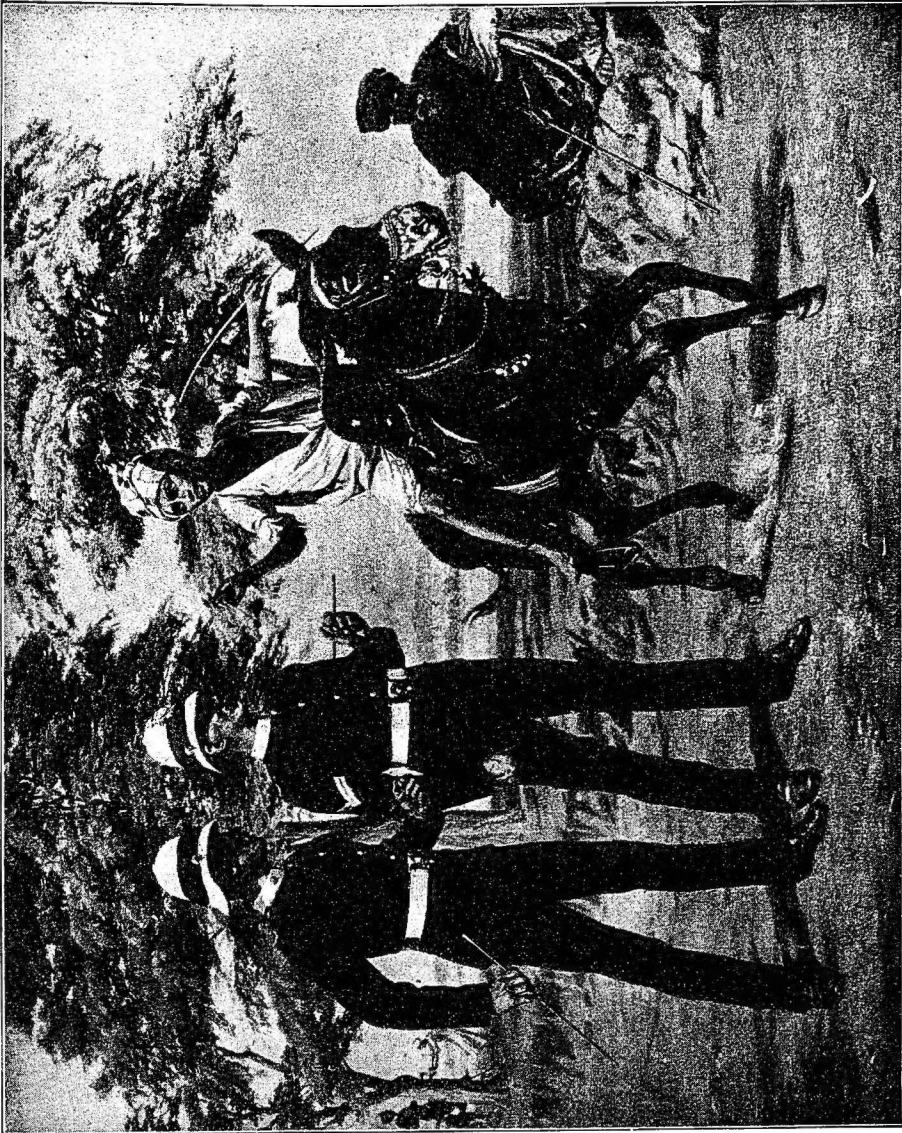
Royal Academy



W. DENDY SADLER

"THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER"
(To be published as an etching by Messrs. Frost and Read, Bristol)

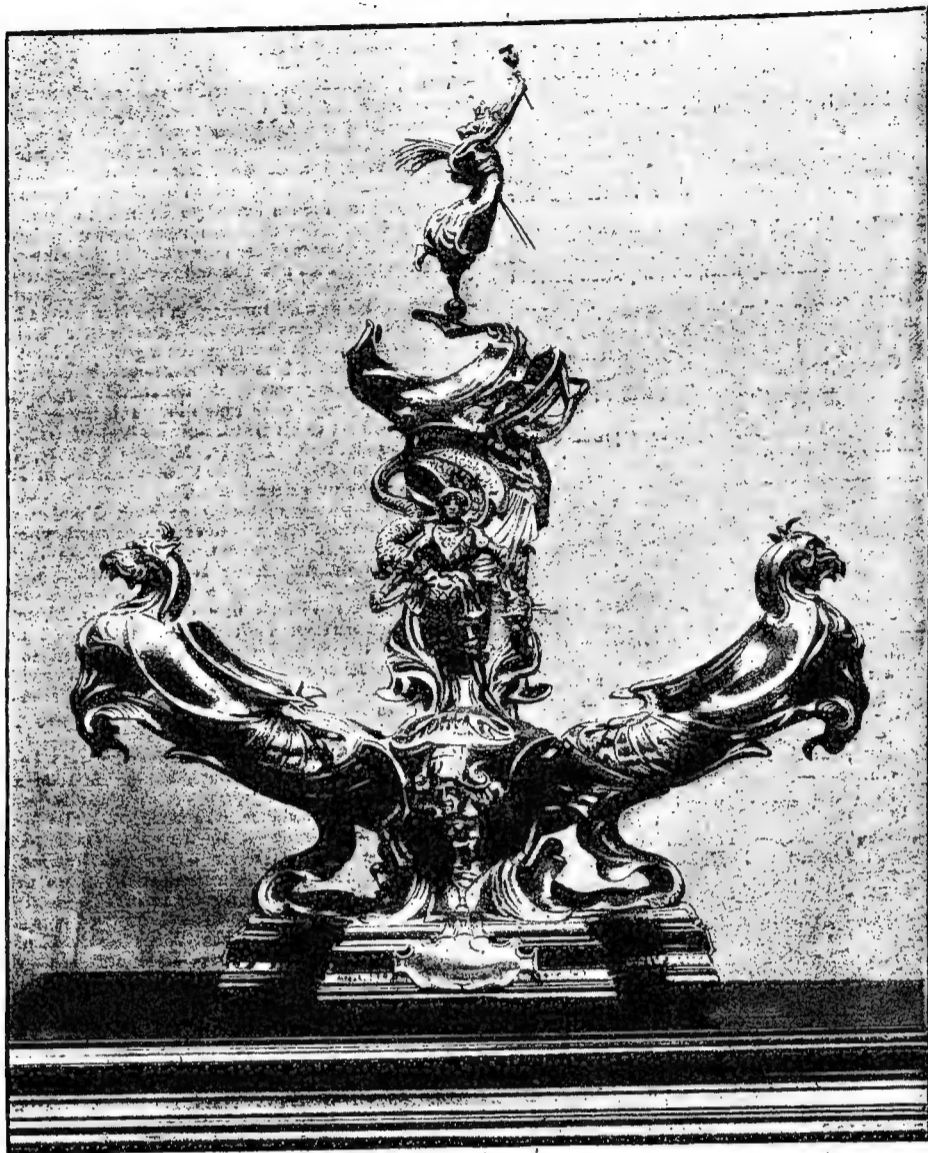
Grosvenor Gallery



W. C. HORSLEY

"ON THE ROAD TO THE PYRAMIDS-BARGAINING FOR A RIDE"

Royal Academy



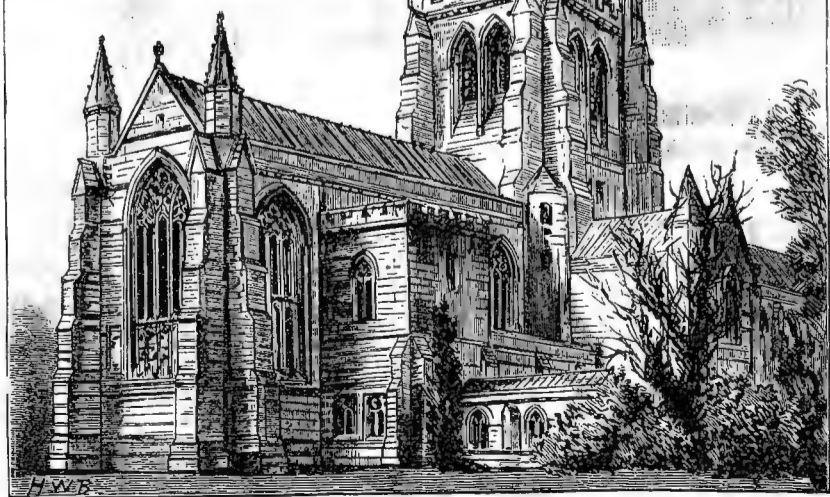
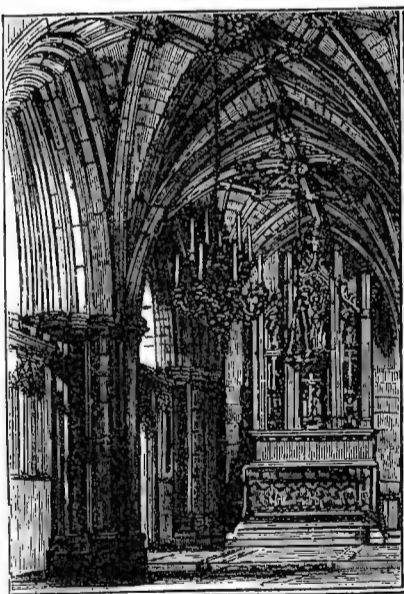
ONE SIDE OF THE CENTREPIECE.



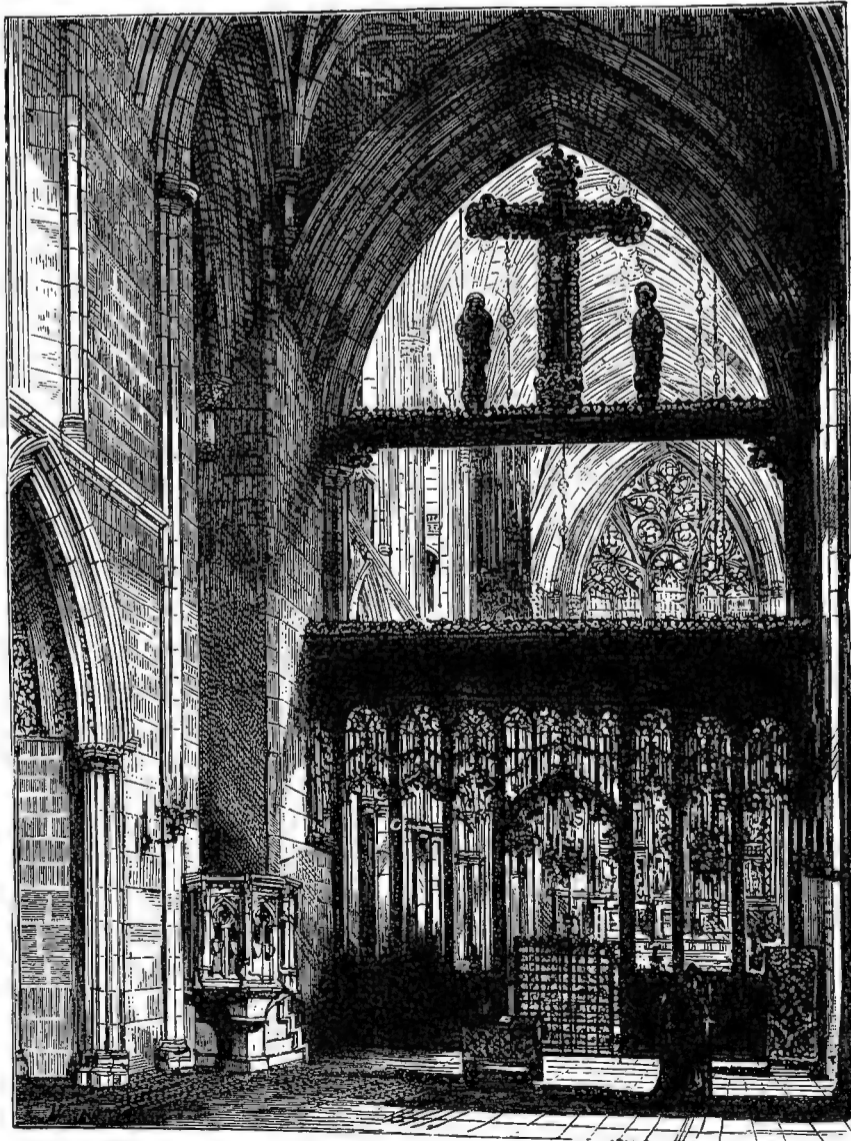
THE FIGURE OF BRITANNIA

THE OFFICERS' JUBILEE MEMORIAL LATELY PRESENTED TO HER MAJESTY

THE "MORNING CHAPEL."

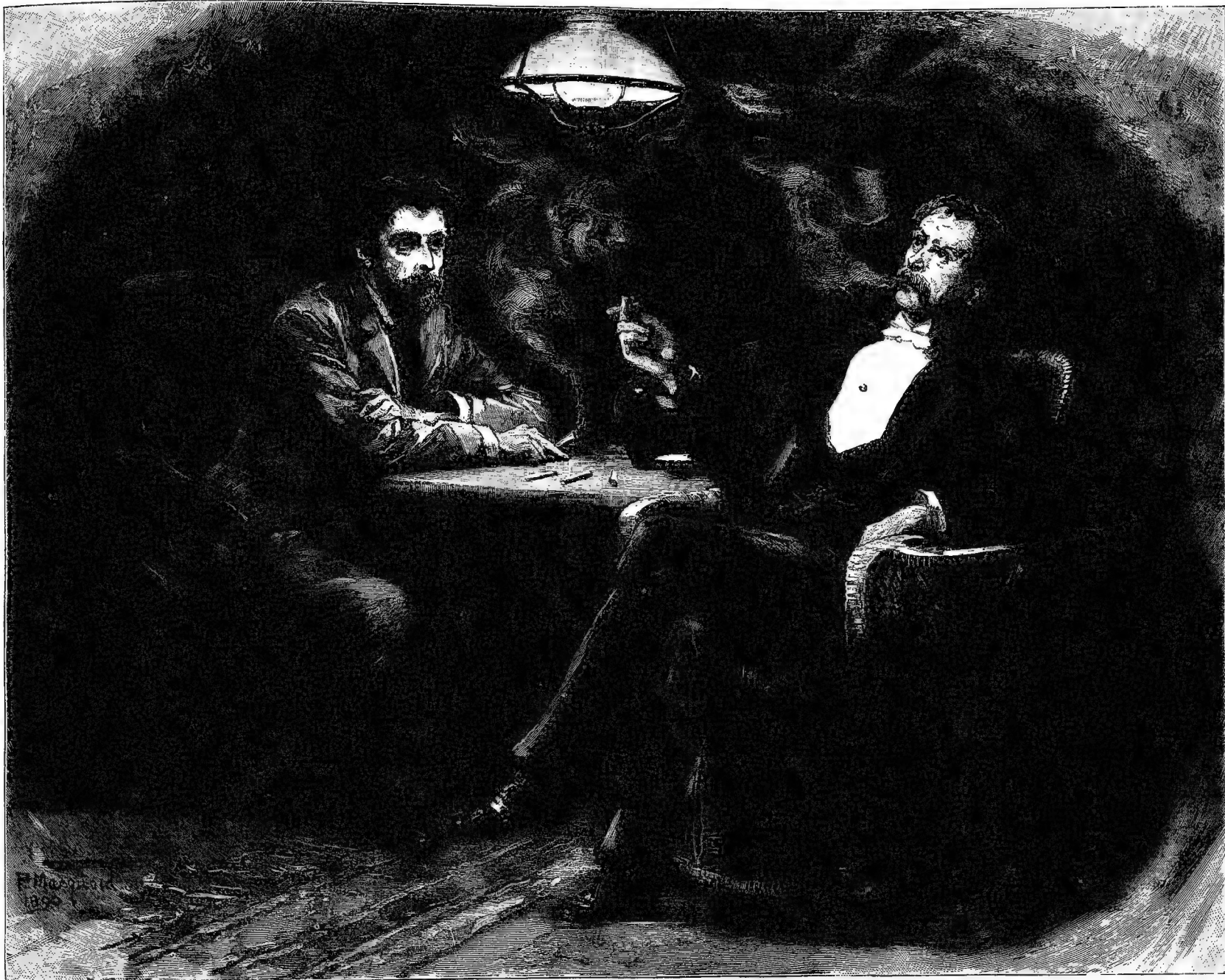


EXTERIOR



INTERIOR

THE CHURCH RECENTLY BUILT BY THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE AT CLUMBER



DRAWN BY PERCY MACQUOID

Rushmere, who had been abstractedly watching the smoke of his cigarette rising towards the ceiling, here glanced down at Zephany, and found him with his arms folded on the table, leaning forward with an expression of the intensest interest on his mobile face.

"MADAME LEROUX"

"Too early seen unknown, and known too late."—ROMEO AND JULIET.

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLES," "AMONG ALIENS," "LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA," "THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE," &c.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

As quickly as the post could bring it—that is to say, on the Tuesday morning—came Mildred's answer to Lucy.

It was an outpouring of the warmest and most genuine affection; and full of sympathy for all her darling Lucy's troubles and sufferings since they had parted. But it was not very clear or coherent, except on one point; Lucy must come to her at once, at once. Mildred was staying in the house of her cousin at once, at once. Mildred was the best, and kindest, and dearest fellow in the world; and his mother begged to say that she would be very happy to receive Mildred's friend; and Aunt Charlotte was sorry to hear that Lucy had been dismissed from the school, and thought she certainly had been ill-treated; and Lucy must write instantly—or, better still, telegraph—to say when she was coming; and the carriage should be at Redminster to meet her; "with me in it, if I am alive!" added Mildred, and remained her ever affectionate sister.

Tears of happiness stood in Lucy's eyes as she read. Mildred was still the same—her own dear, loving, steadfast, unspoiled Mildred! But the next moment she smiled rather sadly to think how little Mildred understood or conceived of the gulf that divided them now. How was she to appear in Mrs. Avon's house in the garments which, carefully as they had been used, were waxing shabby and threadbare, and which she had no means of renewing? How was she to obtain leave of absence from Mr. Didear? How, even, get money enough for her railway fare?

No; it was all Utopian—all a dream of dear Mildred's, arising from her utter ignorance of real poverty, and of the dismal regions to which Lucy's destiny had consigned her. She must wait until Mildred should come to London; and then, in some way, she would contrive to call at Lord Grimstock's house and see her. That was a bright gleam to look forward to, and other good things would follow. Lady Charlotte's hostility (judging from her message) had softened; and she and Lord Grimstock would probably assist her (Lucy) to earn her bread in some less dreary drudgery than as one of Professor Tudway Didear's underground young ladies. She should escape from that sordid slavery. And then the generous thought arose that she would try to help poor Peggy to escape from it, too.

There was much, very much, to make her glad and thankful. And if a few wilful tears strayed down her cheek, and dropped on to the circular, setting forth how the apparatus invented by Professor Tudway Didear marked a new era in the history of dental surgery, and a distinct step in the advance towards the perfect

health and happiness of the whole human race—well, it could only be because she had not yet recovered from the emotion caused by Mildred's letter.

And so, he was her cousin!

Lucy had never heard before of this cousin whom Mildred wrote of so familiarly as Dick? But she was not at all inclined to doubt Mildred's description of him as the best, and kindest, and—was it dearest, Mildred had said?—dearest fellow in the world.

She felt a glow of satisfaction when she reflected that in hearing about her from Mildred, he would hear only loving praises without one jarring note. She would not have wished his only impressions of her character to be derived from Lady Charlotte's cool antagonism. It would be so sad and painful if Mildred's cousin should dislike her!

She had been obliged to leave home that morning almost immediately after receiving Mildred's letter, but she intended to answer it in the evening. Tuesday was not one of the days on which she worked overtime; and it was still quite light, with the light of a fair April evening, when she and Peggy reached Mrs. Barton's house.

Peggy entered first and ran quickly up the stairs in her usual rapid fashion, and Lucy, following more soberly, heard her make a quick exclamation of surprise, and then a voice she instantly recognised said, "Am I speaking to Miss Marston?"

The next moment Lucy found herself in the room with no more consciousness of how she got there than if she had been wafted through the air by magic, and Mr. Richard Avon was holding her hand, and exclaiming in the tone of one recognising an almost unhopd-for good,

"It is you, then!"

"Only think, Peggy," said Mrs. Barton, "this gentleman has been waiting pretty near upon half-an-hour to see Miss Smith, and it's a mercy that Mr. Tomline mentioned when he was here that to talk of you as Lucy Marston, that I quite forgot all about the her—her adopted name was Marston, or else I should have stood the gentleman out there was no such person here as he was inquiring for."

"Yes, it was my fault," said Dick, penitently, addressing Lucy, who had seated herself, feeling tremulous and startled. "Very stupid of me. But, you see, we are so accustomed, Mildred and I, to talk of you as Lucy Marston, that I quite forgot all about the other name. And now, Miss Marston—I can't help it, you see!—may I say what I came to say?"

"Not if it's disagreeable, you mayn't!" interposed Peggy, bluntly. Lucy's pale, agitated face had struck her. "Miss Smith isn't as strong as a rhinoceros, and she seems to have been worried and

worked on more than enough lately. And if she was a rhinoceros mammoth and mega—what's-their-names—theriums would find old Diddleum trying!"

"My kind Peggy, I am quite well. Indeed, I am; and I'm sure Mr. Avon has nothing disagreeable to say to me."

Lucy blushed a little as she uttered his name, remembering under what circumstances he had told it to her, and looking up at him with a shy smile.

"No, indeed, I hope not," said he, smiling to and speaking eagerly. "I am charged with an embassy from some one who is waiting very anxiously for the answer."

"Mildred!" cried Lucy, clasping her hands.

"Yes; and—and— They said I was to prepare you, but I'm desperately stupid at that kind of thing. I'm sure I couldn't deceive you about it for five seconds, and—"

"Pray do not try. Mildred is in London."

"She is. And—the fact is, she is waiting at her uncle's house in a fever of impatience to see you."

"My dear, dear Mildred! But how is it she is in town? I thought—"

"She came up this morning, expressly to see you. She coaxed, and begged, and scolded us—in short, as we are all her very humble servants down at Avonthorpe, and I the humblest of them, she laid her commands on me yesterday after she had written her letter, to telegraph to Lord Grimstock for permission; to make ready to attend her; to order my eldest sister—who is very anxious to make your acquaintance, Miss Marston—to accompany us (since Aunt Charlotte did not think that I, and Mildred's maid, and the courier, were a sufficient bodyguard!—and here we are! Lord Grimstock's carriage is waiting at the corner of the street. And if you would be kind enough to allow me to take you to her at once—"

"I will get ready immediately," answered Lucy. She ran into her own little room, followed by Peggy in a flutter of excitement, begging Miss Smith to put on her black silk frock, and offering her services as lady's maid with disinterested devotion.

Mrs. Barton, left alone with Mr. Avon, hoped he wouldn't think anything of what Peggy had said before she knew who he was.

"I think a great deal of it, Mrs. Barton," answered Dick. "We are all very grateful to you and Miss Barton for your kindness to my cousin's friend." (If Dick had been rigidly cross-examined, the "all" who were grateful would have dwindled to Mildred and himself. But that was immaterial.) "She has written very warmly of it, I assure you."

"Oh, she is a sweet young creature, sir; and quite the lady. My Peggy saw that at once. She has an excellent heart, though I say

THE GRAPHIC

610

it; and is alive to everything beyond the common, is my Peggy. We have not always occupied the position you now find us in, sir," added the good woman, who, like Dogberry, was conscious of the dignity attaching to one who "hath had losses." She felt no such awe in speaking to this good-humoured and simple-mannered young fellow as Zephany inspired her with. And, far from likening him to a Count, she was secretly surprised to find that he was on speaking terms with a lord!

Very shortly Lucy returned, attired in the black silk frock, and wearing a plain little black hat, into which Peggy had vainly entreated her to be allowed to fix a large artificial cabbage-rose from her own best bonnet; declaring that she could pin it in no time.

"You'll be back to-night, shan't you, Miss Smith?" said Mrs. Barton, as Lucy bid her good-bye.

"Yes, surely. And I will take care not to disturb you by being late."

"Oh, don't you think of that, dear," whispered Peggy. "I'll sit up, and leave the door on the jar, and mother won't hear a sound. She isn't a light sleeper."

Then Mr. Avon hurried Lucy from the room, declaring that Mildred would never forgive him if he delayed another moment.

"Was there ever such a strange chance as our meeting in the way we did?" he said, when he was seated in the carriage opposite to Lucy, and Lord Grimstock's horses were carrying them at a smart trot towards Mayfair. "Do you know that when I was told the name of the street you were living in, it flashed into my mind that you might possibly be the same young lady— But then, I thought it too good to be true."

Lucy did not stop to consider that it was a singular subject for rejoicing, on the part of Mr. Richard Avon of Avonthorpe, to find that his cousin's dearest friend was the poor and humble young person whom he had rescued from insult. But she said innocently, "But how did you know what street I—that is, the other girl—lived in?"

Richard's face grew suddenly red to the roots of his hair. "Well, I—the truth is, I thought you had been so much agitated that you might need assistance—and I—I got upon the omnibus; and when you got down I got down too. I happened to be going that way" (Oh, Dick!), "and I saw you reach your home safely. I hope you don't consider that I took a liberty."

"I think you acted very kindly in taking that trouble, as in everything else," answered Lucy, with downcast eyes. Then, after a moment, she asked, "Did you tell Mildred—I mean about helping me?"

"Not a word. You know I did not know you were you then. But, if I had known, I doubt whether I should have told Mildred. It would so greatly have distressed her on your account; and she is not strong yet, although much, much better."

"Has she been very ill, then?" asked Lucy, looking up, and meeting his eyes now without embarrassment in the earnestness with which she asked the question.

"Very. Her father's death was a horrible shock to her, happening as it did."

Then he told her how he had happened to be in Rome when Sir Lionel died; and how he had accompanied his cousin and Lady Charlotte to Bordighera. "And do you know," he said, "what was the very first thing that brought a gleam of life and interest into her poor pale face? The thought of seeing you again. You were her best physician. I think—if you don't mind—that we had better say nothing to Mildred just yet about our adventure. Let us keep it to ourselves for the present. But here we are!"

The carriage drew up with a clatter; the steps were let down; Richard and the footman between them almost lifted Lucy from the vehicle; for she turned very pale and began to tremble violently; the hall door was thrown wide open; a tall, slender, black-robed creature ran forward, crying "Lucy! Lucy!" and in a moment the two girls were clasped in each other's arms.

A couple of hours later they were sitting calmly in Mildred's room, where they had dined together. Mildred had indulged Lucy's reluctance to appear at Lady Grimstock's dinner-table; although the party had been expressly limited to the family—which included on this occasion Richard Avon and his sister. But Lucy had promised to go into the drawing-room later on, to be presented to Lord and Lady Grimstock.

Mildred had had a long conversation with her Uncle Reginald that afternoon, and he had been very kind and gracious, having made the discovery that Miss Lucy Marston was not Mr. Shard's niece, nor in any way related to him. In fact, ever since he found this out, Lord Grimstock had been feeling that he owed the young lady a handsome reparation; since wrongfully to attribute such a relationship was an injury he would not willingly be guilty of to any fellow creature! And when Mildred further informed him that Mr. Shard had behaved with callous unkindness to Lucy, his lordship was ready to be almost enthusiastic in her cause.

"I will now confess to you, my dear Mildred," said he, "that it is a great relief to my mind that Miss Lucy Marston is no kin whatever to—a—the person Shard. But, really, I ought to have been sure that your dear mother could never possibly have countenanced an intimacy between her child and the niece of such a—such a peculiarly obnoxious fellow as Shard!"

"No, indeed. Nor dear father, either," said Mildred, simply. Whereupon his lordship, remembering his theory of atavism, coloured a little, and said, "Of course not."

Mildred had evidently made up her mind that Lucy was to live with her henceforward, as she had lived formerly at Enderby Court; with the pleasant difference that there would be no more running away to Mr. Shard's on any pretext. She spoke of the future in this sense, undoubtedly.

Lucy hesitated to damp her affectionate anticipations in this first moment of re-union. But in her heart she did not intend to return to Enderby Court on the old footing. She must try to earn her bread. Lady Charlotte had been right there. But for the present, what Mildred was bent on was that Lucy should come with her at once to Avonthorpe.

All Lucy's objections were brushed aside as irrelevant. Money? Surely "they" had money enough? Then, as to dresses, Mildred's could be made to do with very little alteration until Lucy had time to buy some for herself. With regard to Mr. Tudway Didear, nothing could be simpler than to present Miss Smith's compliments to him, and inform him that Miss Smith was never coming back to his house any more! "And if you are obstinate," said Mildred, "I shall bring the doctors down upon you. You have been prescribed for me, you know; and you must consent to be taken, to save my life!"

Lucy wished she might be allowed to slip away quietly without entering the drawing-room. She had a strange feeling, which she could not confide to Mildred, as if the atmosphere of the Soho garret and the dentist's back kitchen must be lingering about her in a tangible form—as if all these people (as alien from the life she had been leading as though they belonged to another planet) must detect some traces in her of that different social climate; as one brings a smell of the outer air with him into a warm, perfumed chamber.

However, it was too late to remonstrate, even if remonstration would have availed, for Mildred, declaring that Uncle Reginald would be growing impatient, led her downstairs, and she soon found herself in a large, rather dimly lighted, room, standing before a lady dressed in slight mourning, to whom Mildred said, "Aunt Adelaide, this is my dear Lucy Marston."

Lady Grimstock, smiling kindly, held out her hand and said, "We are so glad to see you!" And then Lord Grimstock came up with a gracious little speech; Miss Avon—quite a middle-aged person Lucy thought her—murmured some civil words, and the ceremony was over.

Mildred whispered something to her uncle, and then, leaving Lucy beside him, went to talk to Lady Grimstock and Mary Avon. She had charged Lord Grimstock to persuade Lucy to return with her to Avonthorpe, and she thought it best to leave him to ply his eloquence undisturbed.

The argument which she had half jestingly used about her own health was brought forward seriously by Lord Grimstock. He and his wife had been astonished by the change in Mildred wrought by Lucy's presence. And he honestly thought that a disappointment might throw her back into the listless, low-spirited state which had so disquieted them. Lord Grimstock was a kind-hearted man, disposed to act fairly by every one. But he had a conviction—more the subject of conscious argument within him than the laws of gravitation—that the health, and even the wish, of Miss Enderby must naturally over-ride any objections on the score of what was convenient to Miss Lucy Marston.

"Oh, my lord," said Lucy, with a slight tremor in her voice, "you are tempting me on the side of my own wishes. But I am afraid one's wishes are not always good counsellors."

"I would trust Miss Marston's wishes to counsel all that is right," said my lord, with a bow.

"Are you talking about what Lucy would like, Uncle Reginald?" said Mildred, catching his words across the room. "You will never persuade her in that way. Tell her she will be horribly miserable at Avonthorpe, and that it is her duty to endure it; she will embrace the opportunity at once."

"Mamma told me to say she hoped so much you would come to us, Miss Marston," said Mary Avon. Mary had penetrated Lady Charlotte's design respecting her brother and Mildred, and wished to forward it by every means in her power. She laid herself out to please and pet Mildred, and had the heiress desired to invite a far less agreeable guest to Avonthorpe than Lucy, Miss Avon would have urged her mother to consent. The idea of having so delightfully wealthy a sister-in-law was fascinating, and opened sunny perspectives to a family of poor spinsters.

"There, Lucy!" cried Mildred. "Do you want us all to go down on our knees? Dick, please go down on your knees to Miss Marston for the family."

"Nonsense!" said Dick, with unexampled bearishness; and he walked away to the other end of the room, and began to turn over some prints.

"How dreadfully disagreeable of you, Cousin Dick! Do you wish to give Miss Marston the impression that the master of Avonthorpe is the only one of the party who does not desire her presence there?"

But Dick refused to enter into the jest, and would not even turn round to look at his cousin.

Lucy stood up; the tears were trembling in her eyes. "Pray say no more, dear Mildred!" she said. "Every one is only too kind and good to me. It shall be as you say, since Lord Grimstock thinks it right; only I must have a little time; it cannot be arranged in a moment. And now, Lady Grimstock, I must ask leave to be going; I promised not to be late."

Lady Grimstock saw that the girl was overstrung, and had some difficulty in commanding her feelings. She at once begged her husband to give orders that Archer should get a cab, and attend Miss Marston home. "Archer is a confidential old servant," she said to Lucy, "and we can trust him to take every care of you, my dear."

But here Richard Avon made noble amends for his previous ungracious behaviour, by coming forward to declare that no one but himself should see Miss Marston home; he had made himself personally responsible to Mrs. Barton for her safe return.

"Was that necessary, Richard?" asked Lord Grimstock when Lucy and Mildred had left the room.

"Quite, my lord," answered Dick firmly. "I'm afraid Mildred thought me a little lukewarm about her friend just now, and I don't want to vex her."

Mildred certainly was as pleased as he could have desired by this act of cousinly self-sacrifice, and assured Lucy that, although he had appeared unaccountably "grumpy" just now, yet he really was greatly interested in her coming to Avonthorpe, and had been talking about it a great deal.

"I shall put Miss Marston into a cab. We shall find plenty in Piccadilly. You need not get one, Archer, thank you," said Dick, when Lucy appeared ready to depart. But when they had gone a few paces he observed that it was a lovely evening, and wondered whether Miss Marston would feel inclined to walk part of the way. Miss Marston, it appeared, thought the air was pleasant, and so they set off arm in arm.

The first occasion of their so walking together was vividly in the consciousness of both. But they did not allude to it. They talked chiefly of Mildred, of whom Dick's praises were as warm and unconstrained as hers had been of him.

Presently, in a little pause, he said, "Do you know that there is a great friend and admirer of yours in our neighbourhood now? A man I met years ago out in Australia when I first went there as a boy. He is a capital fellow. Rushmere his name is."

"Oh, I should very much like to see Mr. Rushmere again."

"And I have discovered that he knew the Gaunts very well in former days. Isn't that odd? Lord Grimstock remembers him as a great chum of his younger brother, Hubert Gaunt, who died. Lady Charlotte was quite upset when she first met Rushmere at our place. Anything connected with her brother Hubert affects her dreadfully even now. But they get on all right when they meet. I don't fancy though that she likes him very much. But our dear Aunt Charlotte has her caprices. Why, you don't mean to say we're here already! I thought it had been much farther."

Such was "the divinity that doth hedge" an Earl, in the opinion of Professor Tudway Didear, that the first mention of his lordship's name smoothed away all difficulties on his part as to releasing Miss Smith from her engagement, and by the following Saturday afternoon Lucy was on her way to Avonthorpe.

CHAPTER XL.

FROM the moment of leaving Madame Leroux's house, Rushmere's soul had been moved to its depths by some of the most powerful emotions which his nature was capable of feeling.

The thought that there existed a young, tender woman-creature who called him father, to whom his utmost cherishing love and might refresh his arid, lonely life from the deep fountains of parental love, was at once exquisitely pleasurable and fraught with keen-edged anxiety.

He believed that a daughter had been born to him; although in his anger he had taxed Caroline at first with speaking falsely, yet he did believe that fact. But as to all the attendant circumstances he mistrusted her profoundly.

It had not entered his head to suspect that she herself was ignorant of her child's whereabouts; but he did not implicitly accept her statement that the persons to whom she had confided—or rather, perhaps, abandoned—it, were such as could be trusted to treat it well and tenderly. They might be low, coarse people; they might be careless; they might be cruel. Great Heaven! if

Caroline had but told him the truth! How he would have loved and tended the helpless little one! How he would have toiled for her, and striven to make amends for the mother's love which had been denied to her!

Poor baby! The fowl of the air is cherished under warm, brooding, mother-wings. But his poor little daughter—! As he thought of it all—tramping for miles along the streets, and out by thought of it all—tramping for miles along the streets, and out by squallid suburban roads into the greenness of the country—there were moments when he felt an almost murderous fury against Caroline. She had accused him truly of having no interest in her story, no sympathy with her sorrows. He did not, indeed, believe that she had endured much sorrow.

The repulsion caused by her indifference to the child, and by her concealment of its existence from him, obliterated the tenderness still lingering in his heart for the girl-Caroline of his youthful passion. If he could have discovered his daughter without her help, he would not have scrupled to carry her away out of sight and out of reach of the heartless woman who had parted from her by her own choice. He little guessed that the child had been out of her sight, and out of her reach, for many, many years.

Two, three, four days—a week passed, and there came to him no word or sign from Caroline. What could it mean? She had surely intended, when she sent for him, to let him see his child! Could she have expected him to content himself with her bare assertion—perhaps to draw money from him, which she was to administer uncontrolled? But this last suspicion did not take any strong hold on him. Everything about Madame Leroux's house, and all he had heard of her, denoted that she lived in comfort—even in luxury.

He lingered in town in the hope of receiving a summons from her. He racked his brain to divine the cause of the delay; Caroline had become violently angry during their interview, but it was not conceivable that she should childishly balk the whole scope of that meeting, brought about solely by her own will, in order to punish him for having offended her!

Could it be that the persons who had charge of the girl refused to give her up? Could it be—the thought was like a stab!—that his child was dead?—dead suddenly, of some swift disease?

Once or twice he met Zephany, who noticed with concern that he was looking haggard and ill. On the last occasion when they met, near the Mansion House, Rushmere said, "Oh, I wanted to give you a message for that young lady—Miss Smith. I have had a letter from Australia. It is a very odd circumstance—but I have not time to go into the matter now. I am on my way to the Bank, and am rather late already."

Zephany begged him to come to his lodging that evening, when they would be able to talk quietly. After a moment's hesitation, Rushmere consented. "You'll find me wretched company; for I'm tremendously worried just now," he said. "However, I'll come."

The rooms now occupied by Zephany were not far from his old quarters in Great Portland Street. But his recent prosperity enabled him to have a sitting-room of his own, as well as a bed-room. And here he passed many hours, with his books and papers, and countless cigarettes; making philological notes on a variety of Oriental manuscripts—some of them of considerable value—which he had brought with him from the East, and which nothing would induce him to sell, although he had more than once been reduced to live on bread and coffee for a week together.

"You have snug quarters here," said Rushmere, entering the little sitting-room about half-past eight o'clock.

"Oh, I am rioting in luxury! I am growing a sleek dog. They have raised my salary in the City. I am saving money! Think of it! Saving money! For what? you ask. I answer: for a dream—a vision—to buy a new golden comb for the Lorelei, perhaps! But what does any man save for, but a vision? The future! To-morrow is a dream."

As Zephany talked thus, he was watching the other man's face without seeming to do so; and perceived, more distinctly than he had been able to observe them before, traces of pain and trouble on it. He pushed forward his own armchair, and insisted on Rushmere's occupying it. Then he took from a closet a small jar of peculiarly fragrant Turkish tobacco, and some strips of thin paper, and proceeded to roll up cigarettes, which he did with singular deftness and delicacy.

"I think you liked these cigarettes before. But if you prefer a cigar, or even a pipe, I can supply you," he said. "I rejoice to see you as my guest. If I were to tell you in my mother's language—the noble Spanish—that you are in your own house, and that all you see is yours, it would be no hyperbole. I owe it all to you."

And Zephany spread his hands wide with a graceful, ample gesture, which at once suggested a flowing robe and a turban.

"My dear fellow," answered Rushmere, "if there is any obligation in the matter at all, it is Steinmetz, Williams, and Co. who ought to be obliged to me. I'm glad to hear that they are beginning to understand your value. Thanks, a cigarette. I haven't been able to smoke much lately. I find it irritates my nervous system. I didn't know I had a nervous system until quite recently; and, on the whole, I rather wish I hadn't."

They smoked in silence for a few minutes. Then Rushmere said, as if he were not aware how long a time had elapsed since he had spoken last, "I was telling you that I had a message for Miss Smith—or at least, one that concerns her. I have found out that Josiah Smith, who was wrecked on board the *Siren*, bound for Australia, was never married at all! or, if he was, it must have been secretly; for his friends have never heard anything of his wife, or his widow, or his child—not a word! That's odd, isn't it? The girl told me distinctly that Josiah Smith, second in command on board the *Siren*, was her father. She had the whole story—spoke of a cutting from a newspaper describing the wreck. So that it was clearly the same man whom she meant. There could not be two bearing the same name, and wrecked under precisely the same circumstances, about the same time! Besides, there's the name of the ship."

Rushmere, who had been abstractedly watching the smoke of his cigarette rising towards the ceiling, here glanced down at Zephany, and found him with his arms folded on the table, leaning forward with an expression of the intensest interest on his mobile face.

"I wanted to ask your advice, Zephany," said Rushmere. "It will be a little awkward to tell the girl what I have heard. There's some strange blunder somewhere."

"Some strange blunder, or some strange lies," said Zephany, with a strong frown, pressing his lips together when he had spoken.

"Well—! It looked to me as though there must be a pretty considerable quantity of lying somewhere. But you don't suspect Miss Smith of—"

"Suspect her!" Zephany almost shouted in his energy. "The child's whole life is like a lily: the more light on it the whiter it looks. I have watched her. I am not easily deceived. But she has been brought up in a deception. Now I must tell you—this is interesting: you know there has been some one making inquiries for her near the place where she was born? Yes; a young fellow—*chirurgien*—in love with her over his head—*bon enfant*—but for her—no!" said Zephany, putting the whole position into a rapid and compendious parenthesis, assisted by dramatic gesticulation and play of feature. "Well, I shall tell you the result of that. A letter was sent lately to the old woman of the farm where Mademoiselle Lucy was born, asking where the person who had adopted her was to be found, and whether she, the young girl, was still alive. Do you comprehend?"

Rushmere was listening with curious immobility. He scarcely seemed to breathe. The cigarette had dropped from his fingers, and he sat with the palms of both hands spread out upon the table before him, as if he were leaning on it hard; and with his head bent down.

"Well," continued Zephany, after barely an instant's pause, "that letter was anonymous. But to whom do you think the answer was to be sent? To the husband of some one you have heard me speak of" (Zephany was too loyal to betray that Caroline had told him of the love-story between her and Rushmere. He had given his word.)—"to Monsieur Etienne Leroux."

Rushmere's outspread hands clenched themselves with a gesture expressive of the gathering up of suspended energy. He nodded; and asked, without looking up, in a rather husky, low-toned voice, "What is the man?"

"Leroux? He is a *vaurien*—what you call a black sheep—is, or was, poor devil! For he is dying of consumption. He was a singer. She married him in Paris."

"What connection can this man—Leroux—have with the—the letter?"

"Ah! That is the point, my friend. There lies the interest. But if you ask me my opinion, I reply—none! He has no connection with it; and no knowledge of it either, according to my belief. That is a blind. The letters are called for by the wife. It is Madame, and Madame alone, who is mixed up with this affair; take my word for it!"

Rushmere stood up, and pushed the hair back from his temples. "What's the matter?" asked Zephany, quickly. "You don't look well."

"I ought not to have smoked, perhaps. I told you it had upset me lately," answered Rushmere. Then he sat down again, and said, "Do you know what answer was sent to the anonymous letter?"

"Yes; the young *chirurgien* told me. He wrote it, sensibly and cautiously. Was not going to give all and get nothing. The child was alive; her adopted father and mother both dead. The young lady had no cause for secrecy; but her friends would like to know who was inquiring before they said more, or gave her address—anonymous communications not inspiring confidence. That was judicious. *Cartes sur table*. Let us see your face; we are not ashamed to show ours. Do you see?"

Rushmere nodded. "Do you think," he said, "that I could have a word with this young man?"

"The young—Tomline? Nothing easier!" Zephany was surprised, but did not betray it. "I will ask him to meet you here, if you like—when I am away at business, you know," he added, proudly disclaiming any wish to thrust himself into secrets.

"I would rather you were here, if you don't mind. It would be a favour to me."

"I shall arrange it so, then, and let you know. I took upon myself to advise Tomline to say as little as possible to Mademoiselle Lucy until we know more. She is persuaded now that her mother is dead. Better so, perhaps. But"—with a change of tone—"I am much happier about Mademoiselle Lucy than I was. She is in good hands. Her friends have returned to England. She is with them in the country. I had a little note from her. Here is the address."

Rushmere had risen, and taken up his hat to go. He paused to glance at the note which Zephany held out to him, and read on it, "Avonhorpe, by Redminster."

(To be continued)

FESTIVITIES AT ALTENBURG IN HONOUR OF THE VISIT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR

BENT on maintaining unity in his Empire, William II., since his accession, has visited most of the minor German Courts in turn, thus showing himself to his subjects in all parts of the country. Early in May, the Emperor spent two days at Altenburg, the capital of the little Duchy of Saxe-Altenburg, smallest of all the Saxon States. Altenburg is situated in a fertile country some twenty-four miles from Leipzig, and is a pretty town of twenty thousand inhabitants, with a considerable trade in books, cigars, and woollens.

silken stuffs, ornamented with pearls and embroidery. The men rode in two divisions—the "peasant riders" or *Bauernreiter* being shown in our illustration—while the women were separated into "matrons" and "spinners," and drove in gaily-decorated carriages. The horses were as bravely decked as their owners, and the waving banners, the bouquets of the women, and the multi-coloured garb of the riders formed a brilliant picture, especially when the procession halted before the Emperor to give an enthusiastic "Hoch!" the women waving their flowers. During his visit, Emperor William stayed with the Grand-Ducal family, at the Castle—the most prominent feature in Altenburg, as it stands out boldly on an almost perpendicular porphyry rock. It dates from the thirteenth to the seventeenth centuries.—Our illustrations are from drawings by Albert Richter, Haidestrasse, Villa Thekla, Blasewitz.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY

IV.

MR. G. H. BOUGHTON's large picture, "The Puritans' First Winter in New England," representing a group of starving people anxiously looking for any sign of the over-due relief ships, and a young girl carefully leading a decrepit old woman through the deep snow in the foreground, is one of the best that he has produced. The subject is treated in a sympathetic and appropriately simple manner, without any morbid sentimentality or exaggeration. The large picture, called "A Summer Night," in which Mr. Albert Moore has depicted five partially-draped maidens gracefully grouped together in the balcony of an Oriental palace overlooking the sea, has all the qualities most essential to purely decorative art. The flesh-painting is not quite satisfactory, but the composition is perfectly harmonious, and the well-chosen and delicate local tints are arranged with subtle skill. Poetic fancy and great artistic accomplishment are seen in a charming little picture, by Mr. J. M. Swan, of a naked boy lying on a ledge of rock and piping to the fish that, fascinated by the melody, are leaping out of the water. In the artist's large "Lioness Defending Her Cubs," the energetic action and feline ferocity of the beast are depicted with admirable force and truth, but, by reason of their obscurity, some parts of the picture are scarcely comprehensible. In Mr. Arthur Lemon's "Conversion of St. Hubert," the spacious landscape has beauty of colour and composition, strength and simplicity of style; the kneeling saint and his horse in the foreground are artistically introduced, but the stag, with a luminous cross between its antlers, strikes us as a discordant element in the work. Mr. J. M. Price's well-composed and carefully-painted "Viaticum"—a labourer with his wife and child devoutly kneeling while a religious procession passes in the distance—too obviously owes its existence to the "Angelus" of Millet.

There is a great deal of excellent work in Mr. W. Logsdail's large picture, "The Ninth of November," but the general effect is rather discordant and garish. The point of view from which he has looked at the procession seems to us ill-chosen. The three footmen in gaudy liveries walking in front of the Lord Mayor's gilded coach entirely dominate the scene. They are life-like portraits of the artist's commonplace models, painted with extraordinary realistic force; but they are not nearly so interesting as the subordinate parts of the picture. The shoe-blacks and the banjo-players, the orange-sellers, the shop-girls, and the policemen that crowd the pavement in front of the Bank, are admirably characteristic, and full of vivacity. Beside this hangs a true picture of English country life at the end of the last century, called "A Hunting Morn," by Mr. Dendy Sadler. The three jovial red-coated hunting men and the sedate parson seated at a sumptuously-furnished breakfast-table, presided over by a gracious hostess, are well-contrasted, and true types of character. Mr. Sadler's skill in rendering humorous expression is also seen in a small picture representing three rather fantastically-dressed old *beaux* critically tasting the "Home Brewed" outside a road-side inn; but in this he has almost overstepped the line that divides characterisation from caricature.

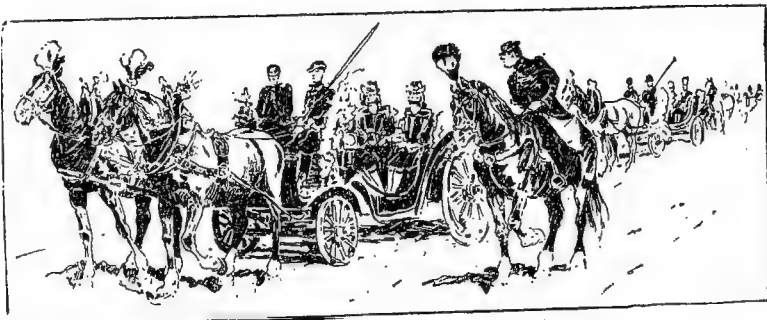
Mr. Claud Calthrop's "An Old Head and a Young Heart," in which a benign old clergyman is seen seated at his breakfast, and

varied surfaces and textures in the costumes, the furniture, and the appropriate accessories are most skilfully rendered. The two old connoisseurs discussing the merits of a violin in Mr. C. C. Seton's "A Doubtful 'Strad,'" are good studies of character; and there is some vivacity and truth of local colour in Mr. W. C. Horsley's soldiers bargaining for a ride "On the Road to the Pyramids." Mr. T. B. Kennington's "Homeless," a poor widow supporting her son, who has sunk utterly exhausted on the pavement, is a sympathetic rendering of a painful subject. In his "Poverty and Progress," Mr. W. H. Y. Titcomb has depicted a workman seated with his face buried in his hands, and his despairing wife, with her child in her arms, standing beside him on a wintry evening. The picture bears evidence of keen and sympathetic observation, and conveys a strong impression of reality. Mr. Dudley Hardy's large "The Dock Strike, London, 1889," also appears to be true to actual fact, but, being very low in tone, is not, in its present position, seen to advantage.

The collection of sculpture is scarcely up to the level of recent years. There is nothing by Mr. Alfred Gilbert, and the contributions of Mr. Woolner and Mr. Hamo Thornycroft are less important than usual. The Central Hall is dominated by the model of Mr. Onslow Ford's colossal bronze statue of "Charles George Gordon," lately erected at Chatham. The attitude of the General is simple and dignified, and the camel on which he is seated is a magnificent specimen of his race. Mr. Ford also sends a partially draped female figure—of life-size—holding a lyre in her left hand, entitled "Music," distinguished by rare beauty of form, grace, and spontaneity of movement. The same fine qualities are seen in a somewhat modified degree, in Mr. Albert Toft's statue of a maiden walking in her sleep, "Fate-led," and in a delicately modelled statuette of a winged girl typical of "Morning," by H. C. Fehr. Mr. Thornycroft's small marble panel in very low relief representing a mother playing with her child, who holds a mirror in its two hands, is admirable for its classic grace of design, its fine modelling of form, and completeness of workmanship. A plaster relief of a dead Christ and weeping angels designed for "An Altar," by Mr. Harry Bates, though incomplete and sketchy, has the monumental simplicity and distinction of style we have noticed in his previous works of the kind. The allegorical composition of many figures in very high relief intended to typify "Liberty, Peace, Commerce," and many other things, by Mr. C. Lawes, is over-exuberant in manner, and not very comprehensible. The catalogue, by the way, does not mention the principal figure, "The United States of America." The only work by Mr. Woolner is a very characteristic and finely modelled bust of "Sir Thomas Elder, G.C.M.G.," to be placed in Adelaide University. Among other good examples of portrait sculpture are a bust of "The Marquis of Salisbury," by Mr. Bruce Joy; a bronze medallion of "T. Blake Wirgman, Esq.," by Mr. Hamo Thornycroft; a terra-cotta bust of "W. E. H. Lecky, Esq.," by Sir Edgar Boehm; and a model by Mr. J. Havard Thomas of his bronze statue of the late "W. E. Forster," erected in Bradford.

ART NOTES.—At Messrs. Buck and Reid's, 179, New Bond Street, a collection of "Cosmopolitan Drawings, from Many Longitudes," by Mr. R. T. Fritchett, is now on view, and is well worth a visit. Our enterprising contemporary, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is, as usual, well up to time with its "Pictures of 1890," which for a shilling provides one with very fair reproductions of some two hundred of the principal pictures exhibited this season.

THE ROYAL FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART.—At the Prince's Hall, on June 9th, Miss Louise Borowski, assisted by other *artistes*, will give an evening concert, under the patronage of H.R.H. the Duchess of Fife and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, the proceeds of which will be devoted towards the payment of the debt incurred in opening the New Painting Studio of this excellent institution. The sum required is 1,500*l.*; and Louisa, Lady Goldsmid, has promised a donation of 10*l.*, on condition that nine other donors will give a similar amount. Further particulars can be obtained of Miss Gann, 43, Queen Square, W.C.



PROCESSION OF UNMARRIED WOMEN



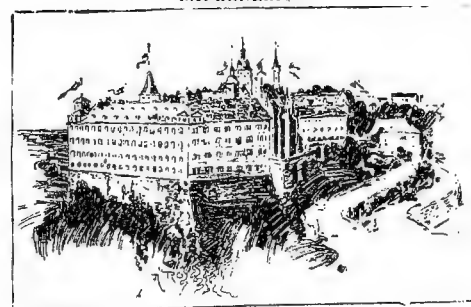
ONE PART OF THE PROCESSION OF THE "BAUERNREITER"



UNMARRIED WOMAN



COSTUMES OF THE PEASANTS AT ALTENBURG



THE CASTLE OF ALTENBURG

Agriculture, however, is the chief industry of the Duchy, and the Saxe-Altenburg peasants are renowned throughout Germany for their skill in farming. Accordingly a "peasants' procession" formed the most interesting feature of the festivities arranged for the Imperial visit. Emperor William and the Grand-Ducal party witnessed the march-past from a tribune on the Joseph-Platz, and were delighted with the harmonious grouping and quaint costumes. Farmers, villagers, huntsmen, students, and country-people of every grade composed the procession, all wearing the national festival-dress, and some of the landed proprietors looked most gorgeous in rich

looking with amusement as well as sympathy at his blushing daughter, who has just received a love-letter, is the best work that we remember to have seen by him. It shows close observation of nature, and is remarkable moreover for its broad illumination and repose. Mr. Haynes its pervading air of refined domesticity and repose. Mr. Williams is also seen to more advantage than ever before in his picture of a lady and her lover—of the time of the First Empire—seated on a sofa, and annoyed at the approach of a courteous gentleman, who comes to claim "The Last Dance." There is not much vitality in the figures, but they are well designed, and all the

THE CELEBRATION OF THE QUATER-CENTENARY of the discovery of America by Columbus, in 1892, will form a grand display both in Spain and Italy. The Spaniards will keep the anniversary at all the towns where Columbus lived, even for a short time, and erect monuments there, while Madrid will hold a grand Exhibition. Genoa, as the great discoverer's birthplace, proposes a historic naval Exhibition, a Geographical and Historical Congress, regattas reproducing Genoese maritime life in the time of Columbus, and a grand opera on his career. The house where Columbus was born in Vico Ponticello, is to be restored, and other memorials erected.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BRAUN AND CO., PARIS

"UNCLE TOBY AND WIDOW WADMAN"
FROM THE PICTURE BY C. R. LESLIE, R.A., EXHIBITED AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY

THE CHESHIRE YEOMANRY

THE Yeomanry force may be said to date from the beginning of the present century. Before the end of the last century the nobility and country gentlemen raised troops of horse as well as infantry in defence of their country, in consequence of threats of invasion from the French Republic.

At the present time there are thirty-nine regiments. Of this number, the first five were raised in 1794; the sixth, in 1795; the next five—Nos. 7 to 11 inclusive—in 1803; the Cheshire regiment, No. 8, which forms the subject of our illustrations, was raised in the same year; Nos. 12 to 14 were raised in 1819; No. 15, in 1826; Nos. 16 to 25, in 1830; Nos. 26 to 35, in 1831; No. 36, in 1843; the last regiments in 1848.

After the Battle of Waterloo, when the large force of infantry and light-horse Volunteers were disbanded, it was decided to maintain the Yeomanry, and their services were from time to time made use of in aid of the civil power in repressing riots, of which various instances might be given, such as that of Peterloo and Manchester in 1819. Since the Franco-German War of 1870, a very marked improvement has gradually taken place in the Yeomanry, both in the composition of the force, in men, and in horses, also in respect of drill and discipline. Inspecting officers have been appointed, and headquarters at Aldershot and at York, to supervise and to inspect the various regiments in their respective districts. Adjutants are now appointed from the line for a limited period of five years, instead of as formerly was the case, for life.

A much higher standard of efficiency is now expected both from officers and from the rank and file than was formerly the case. Every newly-appointed officer must undergo a month's instruction at the School for Auxiliary Cavalry at Aldershot.

Outpost duty and reconnoitring are now regularly practised, as well as the usual drill and field movements of cavalry. Opinions are divided, at the present day, among the commanding officers of the Yeomanry regiments and others best qualified to judge, as to the expediency of Yeomanry for undertaking the duties of light cavalry, some holding that the force should be trained as mounted rifles, while others maintain that a large proportion of the Yeomanry regiments could soon be made available for the work of the Regulars, in case their services should ever be required for the purpose, in the event of our small force of regular cavalry being engaged on service in India or elsewhere.

The agricultural depression of the last ten or twelve years has had a very bad effect on recruiting. The Yeomanry, as originally constituted, were the tenant farmers or their sons, each troop being commanded by their landlord. Very few of these regiments exist at the present time; the Cheshire Yeomanry, however, retains its feudal character, and consists of the tenant-farmer class. A large proportion of the regiments are now composed of townsmen, bringing their own or their friends' horses; but in some cases the horses are put to considerable expense to provide mounts for their troops. There has been very great difficulty of late years in maintaining the troops composed of Yeomanry proper—i.e. the farmer—as the landlords have been compelled to reduce their rents considerably in so many counties, probably in every county; and the Yeomen have felt more keenly the sacrifice involved in their military service, in the loss of time from their farms, and also in the expense incurred during their annual training, when their pay is found sufficient to meet the cost of living. At the same time, the War Office has increased the pressure on the force, in order to improve its efficiency, and expects a higher standard from year to year, thus causing a greater sacrifice of time and effort. The authorities, however, have not shown much encouragement of late years, either by increase of pay or by granting privilege. Some fifteen years ago there was a horse-tax of 2*l.*, in which all horses used for Yeomanry service claimed exemption. This privilege was highly valued, and had, moreover, this advantage, that in case a farmer did not possess a horse of sufficient quality or character for cavalry work, he was able without difficulty to borrow one from a neighbour on the condition of this exemption from the tax, but since its abolition he has had to pay for such a horse the sum of 3*l.*, 4*l.*, and even 5*l.* for each period of training. It has been suggested that such a privilege as that of exemption from service would be highly appreciated by the Yeomanry, and would not be an unreasonable privilege in return for the sacrifices they are called on to make.

These sacrifices, it must be remembered, are considerably more than those of the Rifle Volunteer. The latter gives up to his country's cause, with praiseworthy patriotism, a very large proportion of his scanty leisure—his summer or winter evenings, his Sunday half-holidays; but the rank and file of the Yeomanry are called out (men and horses) to sacrifice a period of ten days of their working hours. Cavalry soldiers require a consecutive period of time of ten days is short enough for the annual training of man and horse. It is high time for the Government and the military authorities to take up this question of encouraging and supporting the Yeomanry. There has been much uncertainty in the minds of many as to whether this branch of the Volunteer service was worthy of a better name. As H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief observed on inspection of the Cheshire Yeomanry, "He had heard them called, but he himself had always defended them; and in his opinion the Yeomanry were a force to be held in honour and respect." No doubt their opponents are those who remember them as gone by—before the War of 1870—when a certain proportion of heavy cart-horses were allowed in many of the troops, and the standard of efficiency in drill and in discipline was in many regiments a low standard.

At the present day the Yeomanry, unlike the Volunteers, is kept in time to time in the House of Commons.

At the annual dinner of the Red Rose Club, on May 30th last, the Earl of Lathom, Colonel of the Lancashire Hussars, speaking of the difficulty of maintaining the Yeomanry at the present time, suggested a recurrence to the principle of the feudal system, and of granting a pecuniary return in the shape of remission of taxes to those farmers who supplied a horse, or man and horse, for service. Indeed, on this principle alone are the few proper Yeomanry regiments maintained—practically at the cost of those lords who are sufficiently wealthy to grant some little reduction of tax, and sufficiently patriotic to do so, either to a few tenants bringing part of a troop, or to a whole troop, of say fifty yeomen, in some few cases, even to a squadron.

One regiment, known to the writer, it is calculated that service in it costs each man the sum of 10*l.* a year beyond his pay; but a troop of fifty will represent the amount of 500*l.* out of an landlord's pockets, presuming that, in return for this service, he proportionately reduces his tenants' rents.

The large majority of the Yeomanry are now composed of townsmen, whose zeal and energy in mastering the duties of the profession is well spoken of. Of these regiments, the 2nd York, formerly commanded by Sir Henry Edwards, and now by its son, Colonel Charles Edwards, bears an excellent name, and is said to be little difficulty in finding the men for the town troops, but the cost of maintaining them is in most cases a very heavy burden on their officers, and the Secretary of War could doubtless, if he chose, testify to the complaints of the commanding officers on this score.

The heavy cost does not seem fair or just, and, moreover, it is not, to some extent and in some cases, a check and incentive to the zeal and enthusiasm of these Volunteer officers and their self-sacrificing efforts in their country's service.

The late Lord Mayor of London did at last, to his eternal credit, take up in a vigorous manner this question of supporting the Rifle Volunteers financially, by means of a Patriotic Fund. His name will ever be remembered with gratitude by Volunteer officers, on whom the burden of supporting their regiments has hitherto fallen heavily, and has been keenly felt by them. May we not ask whether the time has not arrived for the authorities and their fellow-countrymen to extend a wise, a generous, and patriotic support to the Yeomanry?

It is, we believe, a question of special importance to encourage the agricultural class to resume service in its ranks. This is a class which does not take service readily in the Rifle Volunteers; it is, perhaps, physically the finest, healthiest, and strongest class of men in the country, whose services ought not to be lost to the State; and, accustomed as they are to the care of horses, they are naturally the men most fitted for the work of Volunteer Cavalry.

The Yeomanry force has been considered, from the military point of view, as an auxiliary cavalry worthy of encouragement and support by the military authorities, statesmen, and by the people of the British Empire, as a valuable reserve to our small force of regular cavalry, and as available for active service in case of need within the kingdom. It is, moreover, an institution worthy of encouragement from a moral, physical, and social point of view, as a means of promoting among the agricultural and other classes a sense of patriotism and of duty to their country, as a means of promoting their physical health and strength, and of increasing a good feeling and intercourse among the various classes of which the force is composed.

H. A. B.

THE BISHOP OF BANGOR

THE Bishopric of Bangor, vacated by the resignation of Dr. Campbell, has been accepted by the Rev. D. Lewis Lloyd, Headmaster of Christ College, Brecon. Mr. Lloyd is the son of Mr. John Lloyd, of Penyrhyn, Llanarth, Cardiganshire, and was born in 1844. He was educated partly by private tuition and partly at Lampeter and Jesus College, Oxford. After taking Orders, he speedily made his mark as a schoolmaster. At Dolgelly Grammar School, although he started with only two boys, he speedily raised the school to a very high position. He then went to the Friars' School, Bangor, which had been closed for some years, but where he speedily exhibited a roll of 200 boys. He was then transferred to Brecon, where he effected considerable improvements, the present school buildings being the finest and most complete in the Principality.



THE RIGHT REV. D. LEWIS LLOYD, D.D.
The New Bishop of Bangor

Mr. Lloyd is regarded as the Arnold of Wales; and, educationally, he is the parent of numbers of men who are now doing excellent work as schoolmasters and clergymen both in Wales and England. Mr. Lloyd is not only conversant with the Welsh language, but is a patriotic Welshman. A Liberal paper (the *North Wales Express*) calls him "a Welshman of the first water." A writer who has had six years' experience of him says: "His best points are energy and hard work. His success as a schoolmaster has been due to these qualities, combined with a real fondness for boys and boys' games, in which he even now takes an active part." Bishop Lloyd is to be consecrated on St. Barnabas' Day, June 11th.—Our portrait is from a photograph.



"TWO SUMMERS IN GREENLAND," by A. Riis Carstensen (Chapman and Hall), is a simply-written book, which tells a good deal that is interesting. The author is a distinguished Danish artist, who in 1884 accompanied Captain Jensen, of the Danish Navy, on a Survey Expedition in Greenland. Mr. Carstensen's motive in joining the expedition was a professional one—he wished to paint Greenland scenery and costumes. Many of his pictures are reproduced in the volume by a photographic process which effectively renders the spirit of the originals. Written without pretence of scientific knowledge, the book is simply the record of the impressions of a stranger thrown among one of the most curious races of modern Europe. On the whole, Mr. Carstensen thinks very well of the Greenlanders. He speaks of their courage, their steadfastness under privation, their abounding good humour, their happy indifference to the future. Of the scenery—the eternal ice-fields, the melancholy fiords, the tremendous cliffs of rock—Mr. Carstensen writes with the enthusiasm of an artist. Here and there he throws side-lights on the customs and religious beliefs of the simple Greenlanders, and in the introduction he gives a clear summary of the early history of the country.

The second volume of Mr. William Archer's admirable "Authorised English Edition" of Henrik Ibsen's prose dramas (Walter Scott) contains "Ghosts," "An Enemy of the People," and "The Wild Duck." Of these the last only is new to the English public,

the first two having been previously published in the "Camelot Classics." Mr. Archer has, however, very carefully revised the translations in each case. "The Wild Duck" is quite the gloomiest, and, on the whole, is the least interesting of any of Ibsen's later works with which the public have yet been made familiar. It is translated by Mrs. Archer.

"An Artist's Tour," by B. Kroupa (Ward and Downey), is one of those books which is neither good nor bad. It is a record of nine years' travelling in North and Central America and in the Sandwich Islands, profusely illustrated from sketches by the author, reproduced by an indifferent "process." M. Kroupa had all kinds of adventures during his travels, and undoubtedly met a number of interesting and curious persons. In the hands of a master of style such a book might have become famous; as it is, it will be read by a few, and forgotten quickly. It cannot with truth be said that M. Kroupa has anything to tell us that has not been told before by better writers. Indians, Mormons, hunting adventures, storms at sea—of all this we have had more than enough from a dozen writers who have become classics. Yet the frank account of any man's experience has a certain interest for every other man; and M. Kroupa is a writer who, if plodding and not very bright, has at least skill enough not to let his narrative flag too painfully. Therefore the reader goes from page to page without, it is true, any very alert interest, yet with the knowledge that if he skips much he may possibly miss something worth reading. Western America is such a vast ground for the traveller, and it contains so much romance, that he who could write a dull book about it must be an extraordinarily dull person. M. Kroupa's book is not dull; but it is not what a book of travel and adventure should be. It is the book which any man in the street might write; and to the man in the street it properly appeals.

"Morgante the Lesser," by "Sirius" (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.), is apparently an attack on modern materialistic philosophy by a young man who would have the world think him a clever fellow. His book is modelled on "Sartor Resartus," and his style is an irritating combination of Carlyle and Addison. The book tells of the genealogy, birth, and adventures of a giant named Morgante; but it is difficult to discover the point of the satire. "Sirius" thinks it funny, in a confused review of philosophy in Europe, to write of Spinoza as Spinoza, Hobbes as Tubbes, Locke as Blocke, Hume as Spume, Voltaire as Boltair. Beyond this level his humour seldom rises. An impatient critic, when "Sartor Resartus" first appeared in the pages of *Fraser's Magazine*, denounced it as "clotted nonsense." Time has proved that critic wrong; but the phrase may be applied to "Morgante the Lesser" with the confident knowledge that posterity will never reverse the verdict.

The "Mrs. Shelley" of Mrs. Lucy Madox Rossetti ("Eminent Women Series," W. H. Allen and Co.) is certainly one of the best volumes of the set. The materials for biography are so ample, that Mrs. Rossetti has been able to present a very complete picture of her remarkable heroine. Most people are accustomed to think of Mary Shelley only in her connection with the poet; and, to very many readers, all the later part of Mrs. Rossetti's book, in which she tells of Mary's long years of widowhood and literary work, will have the freshness of novelty. As to the burning questions of Shelley's early relationship to his wife, and the relationship of both to Harriet Westbrook, Mrs. Rossetti is impartial; giving sympathy where it is due, yet not withholding blame, and always skilfully revealing the changes of opinion and circumstances which led to the curious and pathetic situations in which these wonderful young people found themselves. Concerning Shelley himself we naturally find nothing in these pages that has not already been told by Professor Dowden and others; but Mary Shelley takes a much more important place in the poet's life now that she is fully known and understood. Mrs. Rossetti's book is interesting to the highest degree.

Every one who has been to Cannes has heard of the late Mr. Woolfield, who was practically the maker of the town, and for long its "oldest inhabitant." It was in 1838 that Thomas Robinson Woolfield first saw Cannes; then an insignificant fishing village. Struck by the beauty of the climate, he purchased land, built a house, and inaugurated Protestant services. For a time these were stopped by the French authorities; but the persecution was abandoned, and presently Mr. Woolfield built Christ Church. Lord Brougham, too, had much to do with the early success of Cannes as a health-resort, having visited it first in 1834. It was at his instigation that Cannes was made into a port. Mr. Woolfield, however, by his long residence and his open hospitality at the famous Villa Victoria, was the acknowledged head of the English community. He received all the notabilities who visited the place, and lived to see it one of the most prosperous and thriving towns on the Riviera. He died in 1888. "Thomas Robinson Woolfield's Life at Cannes" (Kegan Paul) sets forth in the simplest language a record of the growth of the town. It is written by "J. M.," a niece, we take it, of Mr. Woolfield, of whose character the little book gives us a pleasant study.

"Political Prisoners at Home and Abroad," by George Sigerson, M.D. (Kegan Paul), is a valuable book, quite apart from the immediate purpose which its publication is intended to move. Dr. Sigerson's contention is that those who are imprisoned in Ireland under the existing Crimes Act are really political offenders, and that they are treated much worse than political offenders have ever been treated in England or in Ireland before. To establish his case he goes very carefully over the whole ground, first laying down general principles of distinction between political and other offences, and then tracing the history of the subject from the time of the Neapolitan prisoners of King Bomba down to the most recent conviction under the Crimes Act. He notes such famous cases as those of William Cobbett, Leigh Hunt, Smith O'Brien, and many more; and discusses at length questions of diet, exercise, warming cells, punishment, and so forth. Dr. Sigerson examines, too, the evidence given before Royal Commissions. Nor are the investigations confined to England and Ireland. Botany Bay and the transportation days, as well as the treatment of political offenders in France, are fully described. The book is an arsenal of facts and figures, and it concludes with a rattling indictment of Mr. Balfour's methods in dealing with those prisoners convicted under the Crimes Act. Professor Bryce contributes a prefatory letter.

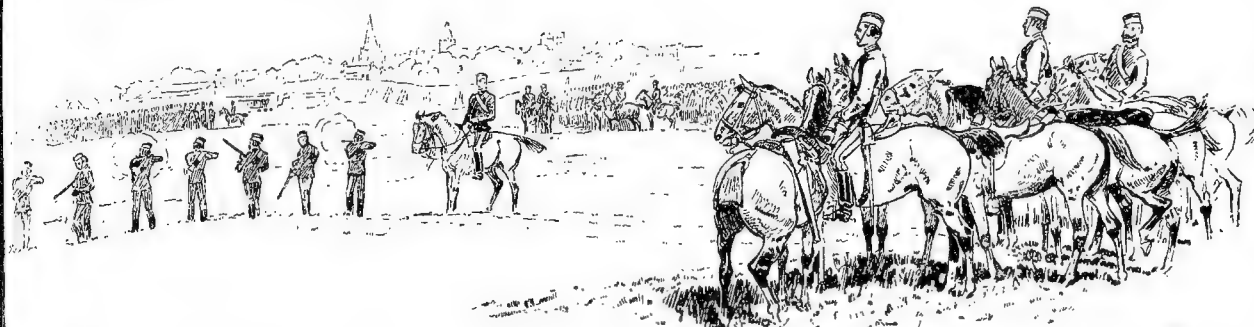
"Manuel de Venerie Française," by the Comte le Couteux de Canteleu (Paris: Hachette et Cie, 79, Boulevard Saint Germain), is a very complete and interesting volume and a welcome addition to a sporting library. It is an exhaustive study of every kind of sport practised in France, including the chase of the boar and the wolf. It begins with sporting dogs, classifying them, and describing their points with great clearness. A number of excellent illustrations make this part of the book very interesting. Then follow chapters on kennels and the rearing and training of young dogs, and on the huntsman and his duties. In a series of elaborate chapters we are then instructed how to hunt animals of all kinds, including the fox, the stag, the boar, the wolf, &c. The book winds up with an appendix giving a number of terms in sport, with their meanings; and finally there is a complete list of all the owners of hounds in France, giving the numbers of dogs in each pack, the number of huntsmen, the horses, the animals hunted, the liveries, and the motto and device of each hunt. The book, indeed, appears to be as carefully and thoroughly done as it is possible to be. After reading it one is forced to conclude that sport in France is as serious and important an affair as it is in Great Britain.



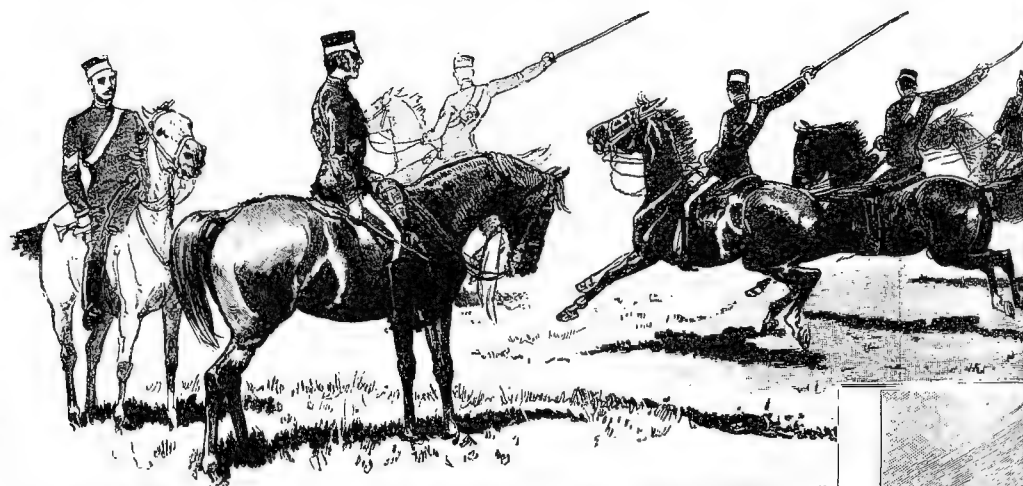
7.45 A.M.—LEAVING QUARTERS



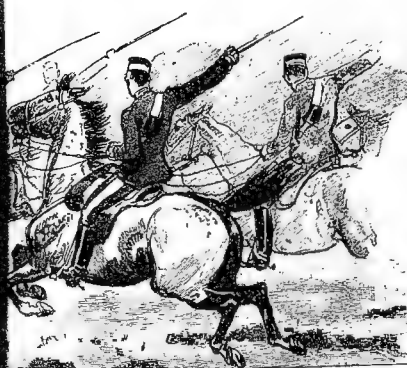
8 A.M.—PARADE



MORNING DRILL ON THE MOOR BY TROOPS AND SQUADRONS, 8.30 TO 11 A.M.—“DRILL ORDER”



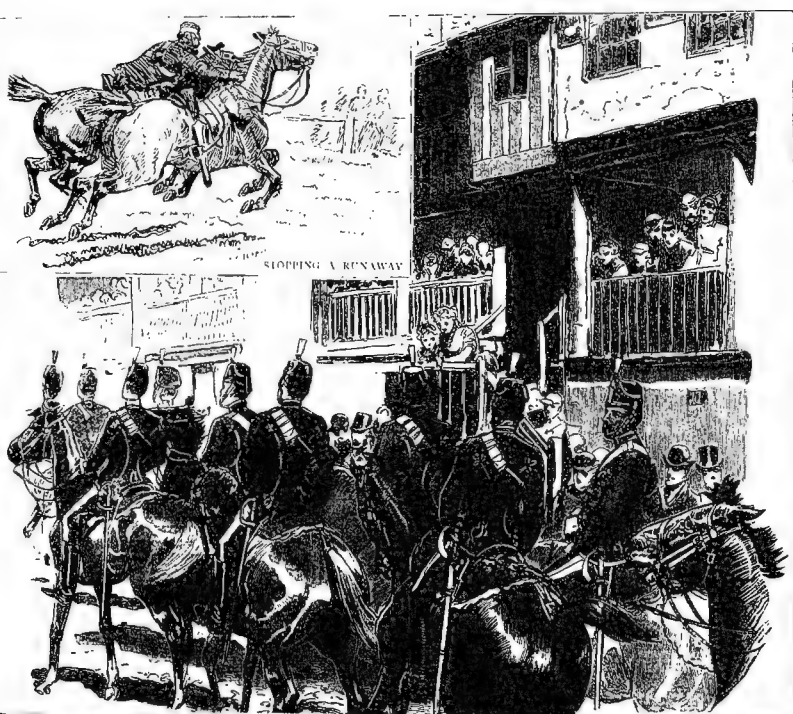
SWORD EXERCISE AT THE GALLOP



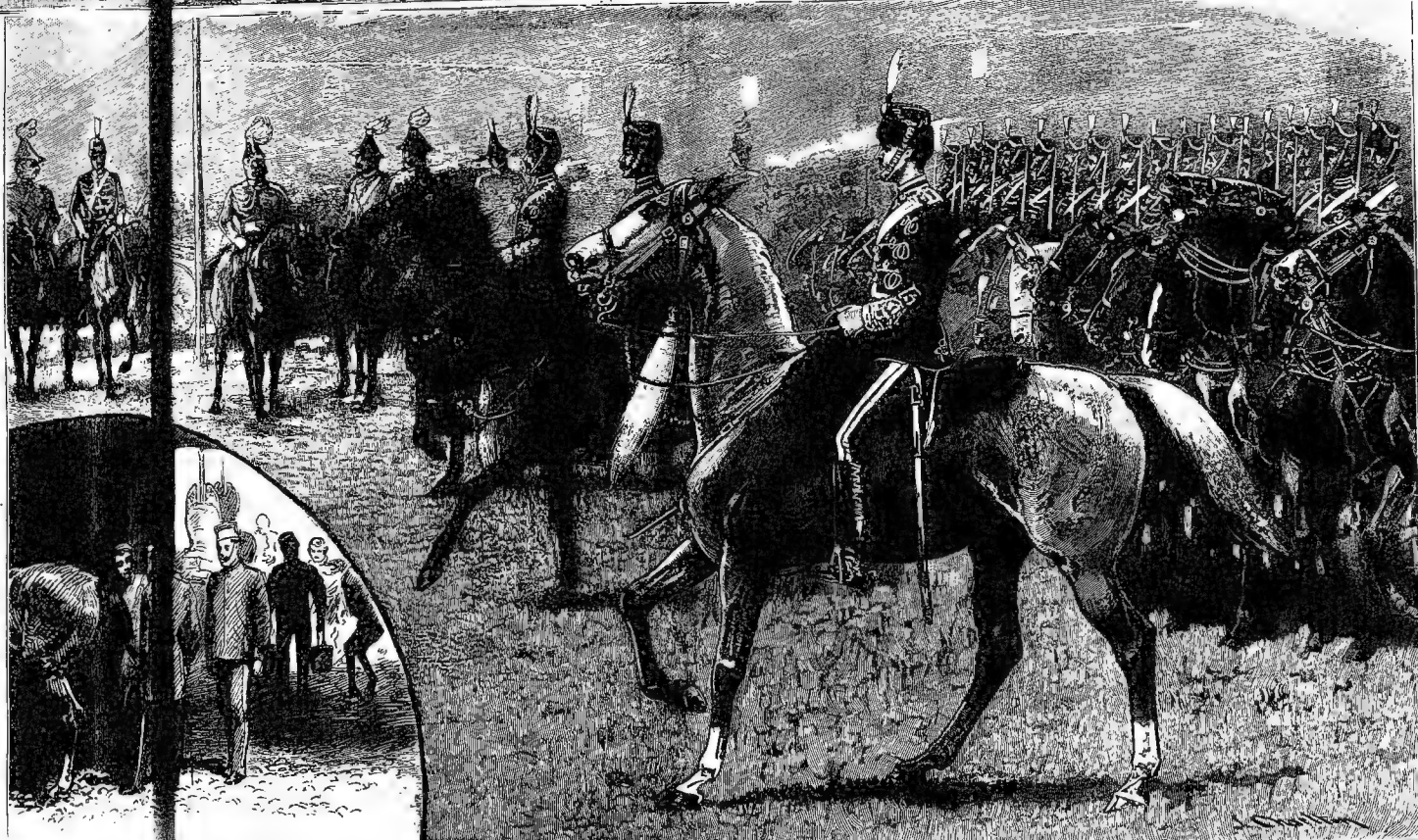
AN OFFICER, “REVIEW ORDER”



CLEARING THE GROUND BEFORE MARCHING PAST—“MARKERS OUT”



STOPPING A RUNAWAY



THE INSPECTION BY H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE—“THE MARCH PAST”

MARCHING BACK TO QUARTERS, PASSING THE GUNS—“REVIEW ORDER”

“LEAVING STABLES,” 5 P.M.

THE EARL OF CHESTER'S “CHESHIRE” YEOMANRY

THE GRAPHIC

The apparent revival of a belief in palmistry and other branches of occult science is one of the least cheering signs of our times. "Palmistry and Its Practical Uses," by Louise Cotton (George Redway), is one of the newest of the occult books, and it is neither better nor worse than a dozen such lately published. Miss (or Mrs.) Cotton bases her palmistry upon astrology, and has the hardihood to state that she has "found by much experience that physiology, physiognomy, palmistry, phrenology, graphology, &c., are all traceable to astrology for their origin."

"British War Medals and Decorations," by D. Hastings Irwin (L. Upcott Gill). What becomes of all the medals and clasps given to soldiers after a campaign has been a source of wonder to many, and this volume supplies in some measure an answer to the question. There is no doubt that many valuable and unique medals have in times past found their way to the melting-pot, but nowadays the collection of war medals has become a favourite hobby. To supply the growing demand for information on this very interesting subject, a new and comprehensive work on medals was needed, and Mr. Irwin, who is himself an enthusiastic collector, has supplied this want in most excellent fashion. The first medal conferred by the Sovereign is that known as the Ark-in-Flood Medal, which was presented to naval commanders by Queen Elizabeth for meritorious service. The first medals awarded to soldiers were given during the Civil War by the King and the Parliament alike, and from that time forward medals were given to the Army and Navy, though far more sparingly than they are awarded nowadays. It is a curious fact that no trace can be found of any medal being awarded for the series of brilliant victories during the campaigns of the Duke of Marlborough, not even to the great General himself. The Waterloo Medal is the only General Service Medal which bears a head other than Queen Victoria's, the Naval General Service Medal and the Peninsular Medal not having been sanctioned until 1847. These medals were conferred on all soldiers and sailors who took part in the battles from 1793 to 1814, and in the naval engagements from 1793 to 1840. Since then medals have been awarded in much greater profusion, and the Victoria Cross, the most highly-prized decoration of all, has been instituted. Mr. Irwin gives a complete list of all the recipients of the Cross, and his book is one that will be found in the hands of all who take an interest in the decorations by which the bravery of our soldiers and sailors is rewarded. There is also an account of Regimental and Foreign Orders, and the value of the work is increased by forty-eight *fac-simile* illustrations of medals, bars, and crosses.

"National Health," abridged from "The Health of Nations," by Sir Edwin Chadwick, K.C.B. (Longmans, Green, and Co.). The great work of Sir Edwin Chadwick had not long been before the public when a demand for a cheap and popular edition began to arise. No one more fitted for the task of abridging "The Health of Nations" could have been found than Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson, who has condensed into one cheap and portable volume those portions of the original work that are most generally useful and practical. The heads under which "National Health" is treated are "Health in the Dwelling-House," "Health in the School," "The Health of the Community," and "Health in the Future." In each group the subject is clearly and concisely treated, what is to be avoided is plainly pointed out, and rules are given for the attainment and preservation of health. Every jerry-builder should be forced to learn by heart the chapters on "Health in the Dwelling-House," and every one who gives a thought to the welfare, not only of his own family, but of his fellow-men, should read what this most useful volume has to say on the subject. A biographical sketch of Sir Edwin Chadwick prefaces the book, and a portrait of the great sanitarian serves as the frontispiece.

"The Way to Prove a Will," by Almaric Rumsey (John Hogg). This is, in a manner, a continuation of Mr. Rumsey's former work, "Will-Making Made Safe and Easy," and is designed especially for executors to small estates, clergymen, and solicitors, who will find in it, compressed into a small compass, all the necessary information on proving a will and taking out letters of administration. It is by no means contrary to experience that a testator, even when a gentleman learned in the law, is the worst person in the world at drawing up his own will, and whether the average executor can do better at proving a will single-handed is open to doubt. At any rate, the executor acting through a solicitor will not be far wrong in keeping this comprehensive little work in his coat-pocket, to be used as a spur or a curb to the man of law as occasion may require.

"Thomas De Quincey: His Life and Writings," by Alexander H. Japp, LL.D. (John Hogg). As several collections of the works of De Quincey are now being published, a second and revised edition of Dr. Japp's life of the English Opium Eater will be very welcome. Many of De Quincey's letters to his daughters and intimate friends are included in the text, and, as they are not too numerous to interrupt the narrative, they add very considerably to explaining the writer's character. The volume is illustrated with portraits of De Quincey, Professor Wilson, and Sir William Hamilton, and also contains a view of Greenhays Hall, where De Quincey spent his early boyhood.

THE PASSION PLAY, 1890

The first performance of the Passion Play of 1890 took place on Whit Monday last, after the usual ten years' interval. This interesting function owes its origin to a solemn vow made upwards of two hundred years ago, when the Plague was stayed in answer to prayer.

A short railway journey from Munich to Oberau, followed by a carriage-drive, brings the traveller into one of the most romantic spots in the Bavarian Highlands.

The village of Ober-Ammergau nestles beneath the Köfel, which is surmounted by a cross of iron sixty feet high. It contains about 1,500 inhabitants, who support themselves chiefly by wood-carving, which they execute most beautifully. The houses are picturesque, with chalet-roofs, ornamented fret-work balconies, and walls frescoed with Biblical subjects.

The little community of Roman Catholic peasants who reside in this now historic vale are very remarkable people. They possess the most perfect ideas on Art; they are born musicians, painters, sculptors, and poets; and their truly marvellous powers of rendering the sacred characters of the Bible have been handed down from generation to generation. The training begins when, as tiny children, they pose in the *tableaux*; and the highest ambition attainable to an Ammergauer is that he may be selected one day to take an important rôle in the Passion Play.

The theatre is a large temporary building outside the village. The stage, 170 feet by 85, is divided into five compartments: the central one, where the *tableaux* and principal scenes are enacted; on either side the houses of Pilate and Caiaphas; and beyond, right and left, wide gateways leading into Jerusalem; the whole *mise en scène* backed by undulating hills, not unlike the Mount of Olives, which give a strange sense of reality to the performance from first to last.

Our engraving represents "Judas Taking the Money"—one of the most highly dramatic situations in the Divine tragedy. He stands in the midst of an assemblage of priests to receive the price of blood, and to fix the day, hour, and sign of Christ's betrayal.

The thirty pieces of silver are counted out, and Judas rings them

on the table to see if they are good coin. The Chorus now reappears, to sing a homily in verse:—

Sinners, you shudder at the crime
Which traitor Judas planned,
But mark his sin, and think awhile
Where you may also stand:
Ah! while you blame the Jews of old,
Beware lest you the Christ have sold.

The interpretation of this character by the Bavarian peasants is by no means the usually accepted one. Judas is not the mean, sordid wretch we have been taught to believe, but has a naturally fine though impulsive disposition, warped and ruined by the cursed love of money.

His repentance is swift and his remorse terrible as he rushes back into the presence of the priests to fling down the bag of silver with great violence before them, exclaiming—

Where can I go to hide my fearful shame?
How rid my conscience of its dreadful guilt?
No forest fastness is there deep enough!
No mountain cavern dark enough! Oh! earth,
Open wide thy jaws and swallow me! I can
No longer here remain.

Oh! my dear Master,
Him, best of all men, have I basely sold,
Giving him up to treatment vile and rude,
Yea—perhaps to martyrdom and death—I,
Detestable betrayer!
Oh! were the Master here, oh! could I see
His face once more! I'd cast me at his feet
And cling to Him—my only saving hope.

The performance of Judas (personated this year by Johann Zwinck) is so marvellously realistic that it is considered desirable to select an actor renowned for his piety, and beloved by his neighbours, otherwise he would be almost hooted out of the village!

His acting is superb, and second only to that of Joseph Meyer, who for the third time sustains his celebrity as the "Christus."

Over 6,000 persons attend each of the twenty-five representations of this most solemn spectacle.

The Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau is undertaken in a spirit of such profound devotion that the most hypercritical observer will fail to detect therein anything of profanity, irreverence, or superstition.

Our illustration is from a photograph lent by Mrs. Charles Rea, who has contributed the above article.

THE ABBEY OF THE THREE FOUNTAINS

ON a fresh day of winter or spring it is a delightful walk from the gate of St. Paul in Rome to the Abbey of the Three Fountains. But if, on the other hand, Rome be in a sultry mood, though the distance is only three miles, it were better not to make the excursion on foot. One tires and perspires abominably here under such atmospheric conditions. And it is well to remember that this road to Ostia, skirting the Tiber and the Tiber's meadows, has a fame for its malaria hardly to be matched anywhere else in the great city's vicinity.

Where the cypresses rise above a cincture of old wall to the right, by the time-honoured triangular tomb of Cestius, you may see, in your mind's eye, the graves of the Protestants who have died in Rome. Just the other side of the wall lies a morsel of Shelley; a well-trodden track leads you to his mound, and you will be fortunate if you find a single violet in bloom over him, though elsewhere the cemetery be full of them—so keen, even nowadays, is the strife for mementoes of him whose heart alone is buried here.

You follow the tram-line for a few hundred yards, until you come to a modest old house on the left, with an inscription on it, informing you that in the year 1568 it was dedicated to the Holy Trinity as a hospice for pilgrims and the weak in health (*convalescentium*). No doubt, to a Roman born and bred, the fever is a spectre less ugly than to us, who see but little of it. Nevertheless, one is prone to marvel why convalescents should be invited hither, of all places. Dr. Sangrado's course of phlebotomy and hot water would seem hardly more auspicious.

But there is a special reason for the establishment of a charitable foundation on this spot. You perceive the explanation in the unpretending piece of sculpture over the portal. It is an *allo-re-ievo* of two bare-footed men embracing; and a cherub is chiselled on either side of the frieze. The men are St. Peter and St. Paul, and the legend, in Italian, beneath the sculpture supplies the commentary:—"Here separated St. Peter and St. Paul on their way to martyrdom; and Paul said to Peter, 'Peace be with thee, thou foundation-stone of the Church, and Shepherd of all Christ's lambs'; and Peter to Paul, 'Go in peace, thou preacher of good things, and safety-guide of the just.'" From this site, then, their steps diverged. They carried St. Peter to a hill on the other bank of the Tiber, and there they crucified him. You may see the hole in which the cross was set, if you have faith in such spectacles; it is in the courtyard of the Spanish monastery adjacent to the church of St. Pietro in Montorio. As for St. Paul, him they led more than two miles farther away from the city, and by and by decapitated in a little valley which bends to the south, where the Tiber turns more emphatically towards the sea. The Abbey of the Three Fountains includes this precious valley in its domains; and here the Trappists of the Abbey spend their days, reckless of the fever which ravages in their midst, so they may be able to do honour to the memories amid which they claim to be living, and may receive the faithful and the curious with due credit to themselves, and that their Order may profit by the fivepences and francs which remain with them when their visitors depart.

Halfway between the city gate and the Abbey we come to the magnificent Church of St. Paul outside the walls. "Magnificent" is the only word for it. Fifty years ago the church that then stood here was well termed venerable. But its identity has been destroyed by fire; and the new edifice, though it incorporates some part of it, has no likeness to it. Pius IX. petitioned the Catholics of the world to help in restoring the burnt church, and the forest of marble columns which rise between its aisle and its naves, the gilding and mosaics, the precious stones and paintings, which now startle the eyes in this church, are the substantial result of this circular letter of His Holiness. The beggars that congregate by the porch of St. Paul's are a pertinacious clan; they seem to presume on the state of stupefaction to which the sight of the splendour of this church reduces the tourists of the nations.

Still pressing the left bank of the yellow Tiber, we continue for another mile along the high road, ascending gently, and then descending. The two or three hostelleries on the road are its only enlivenment. They are dedicated, like the hospice, to the Martyrs who sanctify the district. If you are thirsty there is no earthly reason why you should not prove their wine. A glass of Castello will do you no harm, though you be ever so warm; nor is it deficient in flavour. But you soon turn sharply away from the high road, and meander across the Campagna, towards yonder group of trees that crest and enclose the defile in which stands the Abbey.

As you enter the precincts through the garden-gate, you feel the chill of the sheltered place. The tree-trunks are mossed with lichen, and the grass under the trees still has the dew on it, although the sun has been up seven or eight hours. The statues

and melody of stone trifles which stand among the trees and shrubs are verdant with mould. There's no denying that, however pleasant such a summer retreat from the scorching air of the city may seem, its joys are fatally hedged about with perils. The transition from the outer sun to the shade of the Abbey strikes to the blood like a blow. For a moment you forget to admire the anemones and violets thick upon the turf, in your anxiety to button your coat.

A tall and terribly lean old Trappist hastens towards you at the sound of feet upon the gravel-walk. He hopes you are a Catholic, like himself, so that he may have no scruple in telling to you the story of the Abbey which he believes so profoundly, and which he has told to so many hundreds before your turn came.

"Ah, yes!" the spot, though holy enough, is deplorably unhealthy. Does not his yellow fleshless face speak eloquently on that subject? That is why there are so many eucalyptus trees in the monastery ground. He, for his part, has had the fever many times. It does not kill him—but neither he nor his constitution like it. However, as we all know, the world is a vale of tears; and, as man must accept certain evils so long as he lives, he and his fellow monks are content to endure the society of malaria, in default of worse company.

With words to this effect, the poor fellow leads us to the first of the three chapels which rise in front of the monastery embosomed amid the healing eucalypti. Do you know the legend? Perhaps I will therefore tell it in a few words. When St. Paul was beheaded, his head, it is said, leaped thrice ere it rested inanimate upon the ground. From these three places springs straightway upon the earth. "Behold them!" says the monk, as he guides you into the chapel dedicated to St. Paul. Nowadays they are cased in stone, and are wells rather than fountains; but faith works wonders, and so with the eyes of fancy we conjure up the scene, and listen, absorbedly, to the enthusiastic prattle of the good father. Who, with any discretion, not to mention a heart in his body, could at such a time bring the engine of the rationalists to bear upon these miraculous wellings? What is it to you or me if the legend has been made to fit the fountains, and that the springs did not really thus come into existence?

But enough. If the grounds of the monastery are cool, the three chapels which are set in them are positively glacial. The sooner one sees and leaves them the better. And then, at the invitation of the father, we adjourn to the monastery to imbibe a cordial which he gives you his word, on the honour of a monk, will assuredly stifle any germs of malaria which may have crept into your system. 'Tis a tonic and also a liqueur of renown—this beverage of the Three Fountains. If you did not already know it, you will be in train to feel ashamed of yourself when your guide and another brother, who has the bottles in his keeping, open and spread before you a scrap-book populous with testimonials and advertisements from all parts of the civilised globe. Here, for example, is a letter from Adelaide; the purveyor shows it elatedly; he received it only this morning; and it assures the monastery that Miss Smith's Australian friends are delighted with the flavour of the "medicine" which Miss Smith, of Adelaide, bought during her stay in Rome last spring. "Medicine," however, is a word that piques the brethren. The celebrated "liqueur" is only incidentally that; and it is very much besides; crowned heads have been known to use it after their meals, and express their contentment with it. Upon this recommendation, you take the proffered thimbleful from the yellow of the brethren, and toss it down your throat.

It really is not bad—as a novelty. Perhaps the taste of wood and sugar is a little too prominent. But it may well taste of wood, seeing that it is mainly a distillation from the precious eucalypti in the Abbey grounds. These trees are the props of the establishment. You see chairs, and tables, and presses, and cupboards made of them, and very pretty is the grain of the wood. And it is not enough that they stand as a safeguard between the brethren and the fever when living, but they also give their life-blood at the same time, and so when they are cut down in their prime, their very bodies, too, are incorporated with the establishment.

One other excellent quality of this liqueur must be mentioned. My guide said that it is invaluable as a digestive agent. He averred that he spoke from experience. Moreover, he joined me in a toast that very day for his stomach's good. Previously, however, he had told me that, by the rule of their Order, they ate nothing during Lent until four o'clock in the afternoon. As it was then but two o'clock, one could not but pity his unhappy stomach, and express surprise that he should thus attempt to make bricks without straw, or, in other words, take a digestive when there was nothing inside him that demanded to be digested.

C. E.

THE FAMOUS CHESTNUTS AT BUSHEY PARK have been attracting crowds of visitors. As the season has been most favourable the trees are especially beautiful this year.

THIN PEOPLE are the height of the fashion in Paris just now, any degree of plumpness being considered vulgar. Parisian belles are starving themselves to fall in with the mania of the day.

INFRINGEMENTS OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN FRONTIER will not be due in future to ignorance of the exact boundary. In order to prevent border disputes, the two Governments will clear a wide space on either side of the frontier line, and erect numerous large stones marking the position.

THE SLAV CONGRESS to be held at Kieff next month promises to be a large gathering. Bohemian Czechs, Ruthenians from Galicia, Servians, Bulgarians, and other Slavonic races have promised to attend, and the promoters of the Congress want to get the Russian tongue adopted as the official Slav language.

THE TELEPHONE greatly puzzles the Indians in the United States. At a side station recently a Red Man watched with the greatest attention a railway official speaking into a telephone box and at last demanded, "Who you talk to?" "I am talking to a man," replied the official. "Umph," quoth the Indian, "heap little man if him live in there."

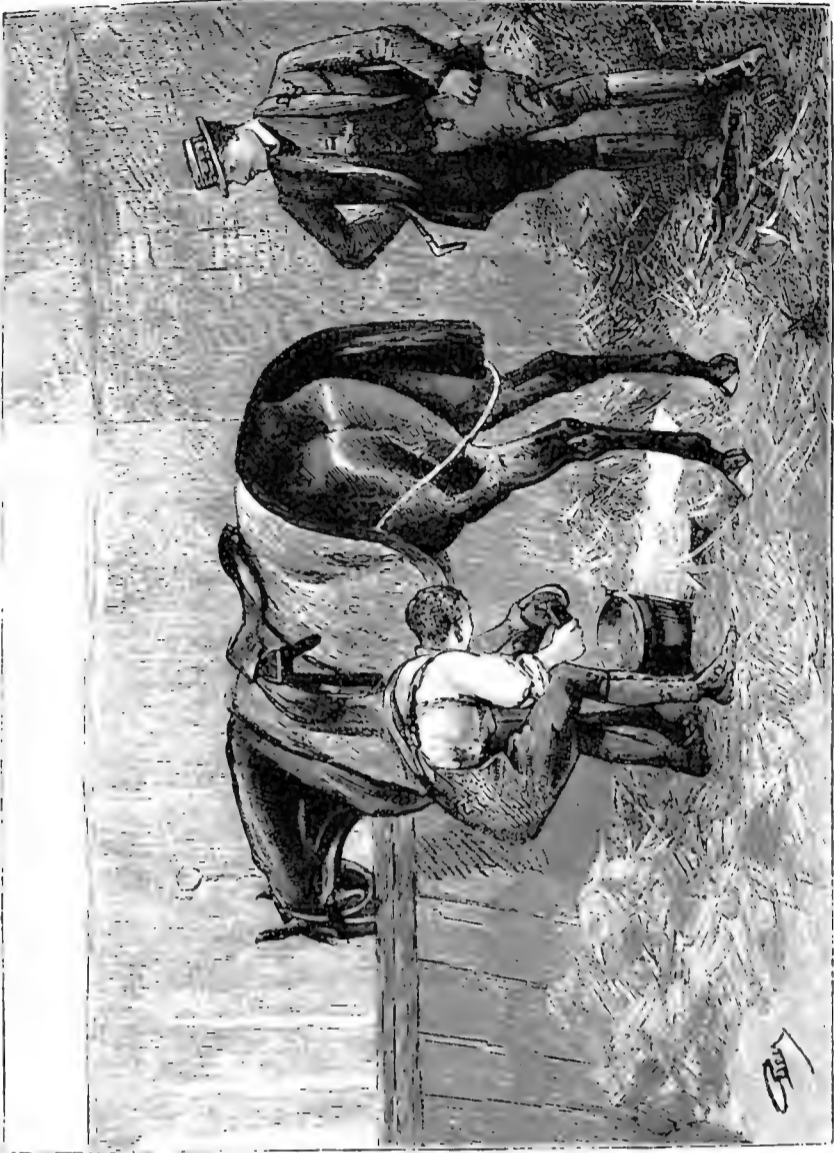
QUEENSLAND complains bitterly of the New Caledonian convicts who escape to her shores in considerable numbers. The supervision of the New Caledonian coast seems very lax, for amongst a batch of French convicts captured at Brisbane one had escaped four times from Nouméa, another seven times, and the rest twice and thrice. They reckon to get across in a month.

A "HOME FOR AGED AND INDIGNANT CATS" (Query, Is this Transatlantic spelling for "indigent"?) flourishes in a suburb of Boston, U.S.A. Most of the 261 inmates are favourite pussies which have outlived their usefulness and are pensioned off by affectionate owners, but many are sick and homeless animals found straying in the streets. Influenza has just carried off a large proportion of the aged ones.

THE NEWSPAPERS PUBLISHED IN FRANCE now number 4,961—1,871 belonging to Paris, and 3,090 to the provinces. London has only 478 journals, and the British Provinces muster 1,290. Journalistic enterprise increases steadily in the French capital, particularly in starting fresh political and financial organs, while in the provinces the number of newspapers decreases. Of the provincial organs 1,523 are political—divided into 1,020 Republican and 503 Reactionary—and the remainder are agricultural, religious, literary, artistic, and scientific.



INSPECTING THE FAVOURITE—A SKETCH IN THE SADDLING Paddock



AN OWNER'S VISIT TO HIS RACING STABLE



YOUNG THOROUGHBREDS AT HOME



VISITORS TO A NURSERY

THE RACING SEASON—NOTES AT NEWMARKET

THE GRAPHIC

618



THE relations with England form the most prominent theme in GERMANY this week. Although an ambitious minority clamour that Teutonic dominion in East Africa ought to extend as far as the Congo State, regardless of British claims, most moderate politicians are very anxious for the success of the Anglo-German negotiations, based on a compromise agreeable to both countries. These negotiations promise to last much longer than originally expected, as the subject widens with discussion. Moreover, Major Wissmann comes to Berlin next month, having left Zanzibar on sick leave, and his experience will carry considerable weight in the matter. Whilst this settlement is pending, official Germany shows every cordiality towards Great Britain, and much notice has been taken of a semi-official article in the *North German Gazette* approving the British occupation of Egypt on the grounds of its influence on Egyptian credit. Further, the Emperor took the opportunity of Queen Victoria's birthday on Saturday for a fresh display of friendliness, inviting the members of the British Embassy to a grand military banquet, where His Majesty toasted the Queen enthusiastically, and led off three British cheers in her honour. Emperor William wore the uniform of the Queen's Prussian regiment, and held a long private conversation with Sir Edward Malet, whom he desired to occupy the Royal box at the subsequent *gala* Opera performance. It is noted as marking the importance of the Emperor's coming visit to England in August, that General Caprivi will accompany His Majesty, and in like manner the Chancellor goes with the Emperor to Russia, although Prince Bismarck did not accompany his Sovereign on a former occasion. For the present the Emperor is obliged to relinquish active duties, having sprained his right ankle in a carriage accident. His Majesty was driving with the Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen at Potsdam, when the horse shied and overturned the vehicle, throwing out both occupants. The Prince cut his head, and the Emperor's ankle was badly hurt, but they went on a yachting trip nevertheless, and on their return His Majesty found his foot so swollen that he has been confined to his room ever since. There is no serious injury, however, and he will soon be about again, ready to begin his round of interviews with brother sovereigns by visiting the King of Denmark on June 28.

The Panitz trial in BULGARIA has produced plentiful revelations of Russian intrigue. The great sensation of the trial was the correspondence between Captain Kolobkoff and the Dragoman of the Russian Legation at Bucharest, M. Jacobson, which set forth the workings of Muscovite agents plainly enough, though numerous witnesses declared that the cypher of the letters related to Macedonian, not to Bulgarian, affairs. The Public Prosecutor demanded the death-sentence on Major Panitz and his two chief accomplices, and his elaborate oration was followed by long speeches from the Counsel for the defence. Major Panitz preserved a defiant attitude throughout, and declared forcibly to the Court that none of the accused were his associates, nor knew anything of the plot, the real conspirators being still at large. Whatever the measure of his present guilt, Major Panitz—whose portrait is from a photograph sent us by Mr. L. Kohn, of Vienna—was a very



MAJOR CONSTANTINE PANITZA
Now being tried at Sofia

true patriot for many years. A brave and able soldier, he fought at Shipka, commanded the Macedonian volunteers in the war with Serbia, and for his zeal was styled the Voivode of the Macedonians. He was devoted to Prince Alexander, and at his fall became the mainspring of the movement to retain Bulgarian independence of Russian control. When all hope of Prince Alexander's return had faded, Major Panitz could not reconcile himself to support Prince Ferdinand, especially as the Government, deeming him dangerous, promoted his inferiors over his head. He therefore turned to the Russians he had so long opposed, and entered into this conspiracy. As a grateful contrast to political deceptions, the Bulgarians have been fêting the completion of the

new Yamboli-Bourgas railway, proud that it is due to native initiative and labour alone. Prince Ferdinand opened the line, which will largely benefit national commerce, as it connects the port of Bourgas with the great international thoroughfare to the East. TURKEY also exults in a commercial success, the new Conversion Loan having been covered more than six times over. The Porte has been again in trouble with Russia, owing to several Turkish military students having insulted the wife and daughter of M. Ivanoff, head Dragoman to the Russian Embassy, as they were walking on the Buyukderé Quay, near the Embassy. The Russian Ambassador took up the affair warmly, so the Sultan at once court-martialled and punished the offenders.

FRANCE enjoys a season of perfect domestic peace. No Pre-tender is active just now, there are no exciting Parliamentary struggles, and the continued successes of President Carnot's tours show that for the time being the country is contented enough with its President. M. Carnot was received enthusiastically at Montipellier and Avignon in particular, but most attention has been directed to his journey through the Vosges. He visited the fortress of Belfort, where 10,000 Alsations assembled to greet him; while at Besançon the refugees from Alsace-Lorraine offered him a tricolour bouquet tied with crape, declaring that their countrymen were ever faithful to France. Lest such demonstrations should awaken Teutonic susceptibilities, however, M. Carnot intends to dine with the German Ambassador on his return to Paris, not being minded to promote the views of M. Camille Dreyfus in the pamphlet which has made such a stir—"La Guerre nécessaire"—i.e., with Germany. The only cloud on the French political horizon arises through the differences with England over the NEWFOUNDLAND fisheries. While the majority of the Gallic Press warn the public not to strain their rights so as to irritate a friendly neighbour, the French are asserting their claims vigorously enough on the Newfoundland shore. The captain of a French war-ship in St. George's Bay bade the British fishermen take up their nets and cease fishing; another French commander carried off a constable who served him with a summons for removing British nets; and the crew of a third vessel are stated to have ill-used some British sailors shipwrecked on the so-called French shore. The Newfoundlanders are furious, and hold violent meetings, declaring that they will pay no taxes till the Government gives them proper protection and compensation. Their wrath is doubled by the British war-vessel in St. George's Bay having refused to interfere with the French. Indeed, the English commandant even closed a British lobster factory which had been established on the French shore for two years. At home in France, people expatiate on their Treaty rights, but do not consider that the Utrecht Treaty simply referred to the cod-fishery and not to the later industry of lobster-catching, now an equal point of dispute. The Whitsuntide holidays were kept with great zest, but unluckily a tremendous hailstorm and continued rain in PARIS spoilt much of the pleasure. Chantilly was crowded to see Wandora win the French Oaks, and the Socialists made a mild demonstration at Père la Chaise to commemorate the funerals of the Communists in 1871. An epidemic of sensational murders in Paris has followed closely on the news that Eyraud, the assassin of M. Gouffé, has been captured at Havana. He was passing as a Pole, and when arrested tried to commit suicide by opening his veins with a broken eye-glass, but the attempt was stopped, and he now awaits extradition. Another excitement was a revolt of lunatics at the Bicêtre Asylum, where the soldiers had to be called in to overpower the madmen.

The financial condition of INDIA is exceptionally flourishing, for the expected Budget surplus will reach Rs. 25,69,000, instead of the promised Rs. 18,09,700. High receipts from land revenues and other sources, besides various economies, have produced this satisfactory result. Bombay is disposed to think that the Government might spend a little of the surplus on an asylum for the poor lepers, now so often found in the streets. One dying leper mendicant recently was refused admission to a hospital, and expired in the carriage in which the police had brought him. Now a Jesuit priest at Mangalore claims that he can cure leprosy by an Italian system of electro-homoeopathy. The Chin-Lushai Expedition has borne good fruit, for all the Mollunpi chiefs assembled at Fort Tregar to agree with the British General that all raiding shall cease, and tribal disputes be referred to the British political officer. They also consented to maintain the roads near the villages, and to admit the British officers into their territories. The chiefs were much impressed by the fort and the working of the telescopes and heliograph. The Pathan murderer of Mr. Dalgleish has been captured at Samarcand, whence the Russian authorities will give him up for trial.

Parliamentary progress is slow in the UNITED STATES, as the Tariff and Silver Bills still occupy Congress. Certainly the Tariff Bill passed the House of Representatives by a majority of twenty—thanks to steady Republican discipline—but now that it is in the hands of the Senate the measure will undergo a lengthy and radical series of alterations. In its present form the Bill is strictly protective and increases many duties. As to the Silver Bill, public opinion considers that when the measure has passed Congress finally, President Harrison must accept it, however unwillingly, lest he should alienate the Pacific States, which are naturally anxious to enforce the sale of their products. The Republican majority is so small that the loss of the Pacific votes would be dangerous. The Naval Supply Bill has passed the Senate, providing for three new battleships, and during the debate some amusement was created by a New Hampshire representative proposing that Great Britain should be requested to withdraw her naval forces from American waters and to dismantle her naval stations in North and South America and all adjacent islands. The suggestion was ridiculed even by those most opposed to British action in the Fisheries question, which, by the way, will now probably be considered by a joint commission of experts. Meanwhile an American Government cutter has been sent to Behring Sea to seize and dismantle any vessels engaged illegally in seal fishery. Fresh rainstorms and floods have caused much damage and some fatalities in Ohio and Pennsylvania, while slight earthquakes have disturbed the north of New York State.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Labour questions continue prominent in most countries. Thus a resolution for an eight hours' working day was the outcome of the International Miners' Congress at Jolimont, in BELGIUM, the majority of the delegates voting in favour of State intervention. Now ITALY has had her turn of strike-agitation, which caused serious trouble at Conselice in the Romagna. The workers in the rice-fields—a most unhealthy calling—struck for the wages of 10d. per hour, and on refusal joined some of the unemployed to attack the Town Hall, stoning the soldiery called out in defence. The troops fired on the rioters, with fatal effect, so brutality. As the employers yielded, however, the rioting ceased. PORTUGAL has experienced a reverse in WEST AFRICA, an expedition being forced to retreat by the antagonism of the natives at Bihé and Bailundo. The Commander, Senhor Silva Porto, committed suicide in consequence.—RUSSIA will make Sebastopol a fortified port solely, removing the commercial business to Theodosia. The Governor of VICTORIA spoke warmly of Australian Federation when opening Parliament recently, and declared that the vinctual boundaries were already obliterated in sentiment, and the Victoria, which had always favoured a United Australia, must now

consider how to fulfil the resolutions of the Conference. The colony is most prosperous in every respect. In SOUTH AFRICA, President Krüger offered his resignation to the Volksraad owing to so many Government measures being refused, but withdrew it at the House's request.



THE QUEEN kept her seventy-first birthday at Balmoral on Saturday. Three British Sovereigns alone have lived to Her Majesty's age—George II., George III., and William IV., while, further, Queen Victoria is the third oldest reigning Monarch in Europe, only the Kings of Holland and Denmark being her seniors. The King of the Belgians went to Balmoral on purpose to congratulate the Queen on the anniversary, and presented her with a bouquet of rare mauve orchids, only staying at the Castle long enough to lunch with the Royal party before returning South. Her Majesty in the evening entertained all the ladies and gentlemen of the Household at dinner. In London and Windsor the church-bells were rung, flags hoisted, and Royal salutes fired. Next morning the Queen, with the Princes and Princesses Henry of Battenberg and Prussia and the Royal children, attended Divine Service at Balmoral, where the Rev. A. Campbell officiated. The Royal party have since taken the customary walks and drives round Balmoral, and have received a few visitors. The Court returns to Windsor at the end of June.

The Princess of Wales, with her daughters and Prince Albert Victor, spent Whitsuntide at Sandringham, arriving on Saturday afternoon. Next morning the Royal party attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene, where the Rev. F. Hervey officiated. The Prince remained in town, and on Sunday exchanged farewell visits with the King of the Belgians, and visited the Duke and Duchess of Fife and the Comte and Comtesse de Paris at East Sheen. Next day he went to Kempton Park Races, and in the evening witnessed an athletic performance given by the National Physical Recreation Society, at the Agricultural Hall. On Wednesday the Prince opened the Flower Show of the Royal Horticultural Society in the Inner Temple Gardens. Next Tuesday the Prince will be re-elected and installed as Grand Master of the Mark Masons, and on the 16th prox. he holds a Levée at St. James's on behalf of the Queen. —Prince Albert Victor has been created Duke of Clarence and Avondale and Earl of Athlone, and will now take his seat in the House of Lords. He will lay the memorial stone of the new Courts of Justice at York. —Prince George of Wales has been staying at Plymouth for his vessel, the *Thrush*, to undergo slight alterations. He exchanged visits with the naval officials, and on Monday night attended the Military Commandant's dinner and dance in his honour. The *Thrush* left on Wednesday for Bermuda, towing the torpedo-boat which Prince George commanded at the last naval manoeuvres.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh went to the Garrick Theatre on Saturday night. Their eldest children have been to the first performance of the Oberammergau Passion Play. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg will also witness the Play on July 13th.—Sunday was Princess Christian's forty-fourth birthday.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have enjoyed the journey from Vancouver to Winnipeg in splendid weather, and are delighted with the grandeur of the Rocky Mountains. The train was slowed at the best points of view for them to see the scenery at greater leisure, and the settlers assembled at the stations to cheer the Duke and Duchess, who spent part of Sunday at Banff, in the Canadian National Park, and reached Winnipeg on Monday. Thence they went on to Ontario. The King of the Belgians left England on Monday after a fortnight's stay.—Queen Isabella of Spain also left for the Continent on Wednesday, having spent the last days of her stay in visiting London sights, dining with friends, and going to the Opera.



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Mr. Augustus Harris has given ten performances during the first fortnight of the Covent Garden season, and has brought out several of his new singers. We will take the representations in chronological order. In regard to the revival on Thursday, last week, of Bizet's *Pêcheurs de Perles*, brief notice only is necessary. The holders of the French copyright are understood to stipulate for a performance of this work annually as one of the conditions under which leave to represent *Carmen* is granted. Bizet's early opera has, however, not yet become a favourite with the London public, and the audience at Covent Garden, consequently, was not large. It is only fair to add that Miss Ella Russell did all that could be done for the character of the heroine, singing in very brilliant fashion her part in the first act, in which by the way it has now pretty conclusively been proved that Bizet borrowed the melody of Lieut. Dan Godfrey's "Gypsy Waltz." Signor Valero was the Nadir, and M. Dufliche, a powerful singer and experienced actor, who has long been in Paris, but now comes from Madrid, made his *début* in the part of Zurga. It is a pity that in the new-comer's vocal style the *tremolo* is so strongly marked, for M. Dufliche would otherwise be a highly acceptable recruit to the company.

Lohengrin was given on Friday with, save as to the Elsa, a thoroughly familiar cast. Madame Fursch-Madi and Signor D'Andrade were once more Ortrud and Telramund, M. Edouard Reszké was the King, and M. Abramoff the Herald. Furthermore, M. Jean de Reszké repeated his well-known but always welcome impersonation of Lohengrin, which he sings so admirably and looks to perfection. In regard to the Elsa, the part was undertaken, for the first time in London, by Miss Marguerite McIntyre, who, although pardonably nervous, and consequently unable to do herself full justice in the first act, gave on the whole a very unaffected and intelligent reading of the character. Mr. Harris had freshly arranged the disposition of the chorus in the Scheldt and Minster scenes, and the change is a decided improvement. The performance on the whole was one of the best given of *Lohengrin* for some years past.

Il Trovatore on Saturday introduced two new-comers, Madame Tetrzinni-Campanini and Signor Rawner. The lady, who is an Italian, and is sister-in-law of the eminent tenor Signor Italy Campanini, first came to the front as the Desdemona on the production in New York of Verdi's *Otello* two years ago, and it is said that the part in which she has attained greatest favour on the Continent is that of the heroine in Ponchielli's *La Gioconda*. Her voice seemed rather too light for the music of Leonora, although in the "Miserere" she quite rose to the situation. Signor Rawner, who is understood to be a German by descent and an Italian by

training, has a somewhat hard though powerful tenor voice, and he relies for his success chiefly upon his high notes. On Saturday he reached the upper C from the chest in "Di quella pira" without much effort, and he is reported to be able to sing up to D.

Madame Nordica made her *rentrée* in *Faust* on Whit Monday, repeating that dramatic and emotional reading of the part of Marguerite which is now so familiar. MM. Jean and Edouard de Reszké were once more Faust and Mephistopheles, while the Valentine was a *débutant*, Signor Francheschetti. The new-comer was terribly nervous, but he has a capital light baritone voice, and is altogether an artist of promise.

Les *Huguenots* on Tuesday served for the first appearance of the celebrated Belgian tenor, M. Ybos. The *débutant* has a pronounced *trés*, but although vocally more or less overweighted in the trying part of Raoul, he proved himself to be a conscientious artist and capital actor. The arduous music allotted to Valentina was rather too great a test for the light soprano voice of Madame Tetravini, but the general performance of Meyerbeer's serious masterpiece was remarkably good, particularly as to the magnificent Marcel of M. Edouard de Reszké, the Marguerite de Valois of Miss Ella Russell, and the St. Bris and de Nevers of MM. Dufrique and d'Andrade.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Apart from Mr. Frederic Cliffe's new "orchestral picture," last week's programme was a familiar one. It comprised Beethoven's second symphony and Brahms' *Tragic* overture for the orchestra, two songs for Madame Nordica, who won her greatest success in Beethoven's "Ah perfido," and three pianoforte pieces for Madame Sophie Menter, including Weber's *Concertstück*, of which a remarkably brilliant performance was given. The novelty by Mr. Cliffe is entitled *Cloud and Sunshine*, and it is to all intents and purposes a concert overture. It has no programme or story, and the title simply indicates that the composer has attempted in a general way to depict the clouds and joys of human existence. The overture is, however, a clever piece of musical workmanship, fully and indeed elaborately scored, and displaying thoughtfulness as well as a mastery of orchestral resources. Mr. Cowen conducted the work, but a double recall for Mr. Cliffe testified to its success so far as the Philharmonic audience were concerned.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—The ordinary pianoforte recitals and miscellaneous concerts of the season have temporarily been suspended for the Whitsuntide holidays; and, indeed, on Saturday and Whit-Monday there were no important concerts at all. Last week Madame Carreño gave her first recital, with a well-diversified programme, including works by Hiller, Henselt ("Si oiseau j'étais"), and Rubinstein. A clever little "Witches' Dance," by Mr. McDowell, and an exceedingly pretty Intermezzo in A, by herself, were encored and repeated. Madame Carreño's most successful effort during the afternoon was in Schumann's twelve "Symphonic Studies"—a work which, it need hardly be said, demands from the performer enormous executive capabilities.—M. Arthur Friedheim also gave a recital last week, his programme including the "Sonata Appassionata," and an "Oriental" fantasia, entitled *Islamey*, by the Russian composer Balakireff.—On Tuesday Miss Nina Cohen, a fifteen years old sister of M. Isidor de Lara, appeared at Steinway Hall as a pianist. So youthful a student necessarily found the first movement of Beethoven's "Sonate Pathétique" almost beyond her powers, but she played Chopin's Nocturne in E flat very prettily.—Concerts have also been given by Mr. Halfpenny, Mr. Laurence Kellie, Mr. Greenwood, Mr. Richard Blagrove, and Messrs. Heinrich and Schönbeger.—The ordinary concert season commenced again on Wednesday, when no fewer than six performances were announced.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Madame Albani, who arrived in London on Monday, will take Madame Patti's place at Mr. Kuhe's concert at the Albert Hall on Saturday.—Signor Foli has left England for the United States on a brief pleasure trip.—Mr. Lloyd is continuing his successful tour of America, and last week took part in the Cincinnati Festival.—M. Ondricek, the violinist, will not, after all, visit London this season, owing to nervous exhaustion and fatigue resulting from a prolonged Continental tour.—Señor Albeniz has also given up his recitals announced for the week, and has returned to Spain, whence he has been summoned to play before the Court.—Madame Marie Røze will leave London towards the end of this week for a holiday at Aix-les-Bains.—M. Jean de Reszké is studying the part of José in *Carmen*, and hopes to play it at Covent Garden before the close of the season.—Wallace's *Marianna* is to be performed by an English company at Hamburg next month; and Balfe's *Bohemian Girl* is announced as one of the novelties to be given at Naples next season.—We are requested to say that the Madrigal sent by Mr. Santley from the Antipodes was specially composed by him for the Bristol Madrigal Society, and is dedicated to the Society's conductor, Mr. Rootham.



The season of which every one speaks well ought to be a good one. From all parts of this country and from most places abroad, words of praise for the weather are being received, and grand promises are made for the next corn harvest, the hay and forage harvest, and even for the wine harvest. It is, however, yet early for such general confidence to be expressed; especially as the season is unsettled, cold where it should be warm, and hot where it is usually cool. Morocco has been shivering in May, and Spain has asked for "higher temperature," whilst Russia has been genial and sunny. Moreover, last year the early heat of May was followed by a cold and often rainy July and August, that put in great peril the crops everywhere, and in some districts did destroy them to the extent of reducing the yield to half their promise. Even this dry and clear May, with days repeating over twelve hours' bright sunshine, has had cold nights, and a dry, harsh northerly air which blighted the white lilac and other blooming shrubs. In the past week, 80 deg. in day shade has been reached, yet within twelve hours the sheltered night-shade-temperature fell to 45 deg., and, on the grass, there were suspicious signs of frost having been felt.

In 1889 April was cold, with a rainfall above average; May was warm, with frequent rain—above the mean; June was fine, the sky very free from cloud, and the rainfall was small at all stations. These conditions stimulated the growth of a very large hay-crop, and allowed it to be well saved.

HAY-HARVEST FORECASTS in 1889, issued by our Meteorological Board, reached a percentage of accuracy never before known, 89 forecasts proving correct. Even 95 per cent. was attained in the Midland counties. Country readers can have their weather telegrams transmitted daily for five weeks—the period varying with the locality—at quite a nominal cost, yet but a very limited number of applications are made to the Board. Probably every farmer believes in his own weather-wise faculties, and, indeed, country residents do have a sort of local gift and instinct in knowing when to make hay.

CATTLE SHOWS are setting in with their customary severity. The beasts are on circuit, and in some cases have barely time to get from one parade-ring to another. The Oxfordshire, held at Oxford a few days ago, when Mr. A. Brassey's Downs triumphed over the

renowned ones of John Treadwell and other famous breeders, only allows a short interval to pass before, thick and fast, in the first week of June, Suffolk at Stowmarket, the big Bath and West and Southern Counties at Rochester, the Horse Shows at Islington, and the Derby and Oaks Races, make claims upon the rural public.—To the Essex Agricultural Show at Chelmsford, on the 11th and 12th of June, a Royal visit will give *éclat*; and, from the 21st to the 27th of June, the Royal Show at Plymouth is to hold its Levée of England, Scotland, and Ireland's bluest blood amongst animals.—Coincidentally from Cornwall and Yorkshire, with Central Herefordshire at Malvern, June will have its shows.

THE GRANTS IN AID OF AGRICULTURAL AND DAIRY SCHOOLS, of which Major Craigie has just issued a statement, shows the Board of Agriculture had a good lead from the Privy Council Department, who commenced the work. The University of Edinburgh's Teachers' Class and Forestry Lectures has the largest amount, 500*l.*, and the next grants, 450*l.* to the Bath and West of England and Southern Counties Association, Dairy Schools and Experiments, Aspatria College, University College of North Wales, for Agricultural Instruction and Dairying, each 400*l.*, absorb 1,850*l.* out of the 4,585*l.* granted. The smallest aids are of 25*l.* to a school in Orkney, and to the Swanley Horticultural and Technical College.

THE SHEEP get fat upon the good old pastures of Wilts, Gloucester, Bucks, Kent, Somerset, Devon, and Hereford, where, nevertheless, according to some critics, they ought rather to remain lean, because the grass is not so good as it might be! From examination of the herbage of our best-selected pastures, doctors differ as to the proportion of rye grass. Mr. Caruthers finds 27.6 per cent., whilst Professor Frean obtains 78.7 per cent. The disparity may well arise from specimen turf being taken from different spots and at different seasons. However, the fact remains there is much rye grass in our best meadows, which fulfil their mission of fattening sheep. But Mr. Caruthers may also be right in assuming that our oldest pastures were not farmed on the best principles; they have become good, but might have become better, if our ancestral farmers had been as wise as ourselves and made the best selection of seed possible.

ENGLISH WHEAT during May has advanced in price from 35*s.* 9*d.* on the 3rd, to 31*s.* 7*d.* on the 10th; 32*s.* 5*d.* on the 17th, to 33*s.* 2*d.* on the 24th. In Mark Lane the sale of English wheat has averaged 34*s.* 10*d.*, and very fine samples have made 40*s.* But, with the advance, the rates now only parallel those of imported wheat—best Russian, Californian, and Australian being worth 34*s.* to 38*s.* per quarter.

AGRICULTURAL DEPRESSION does not seem lifting satisfactorily when we read that the Duke of Bedford is about to remit 50 per cent. to the farmers who occupy his lands in Cambridgeshire and Northamptonshire—great corn districts—on whom the 1889 wheat average, under 30*s.* per quarter, weighed with crushing weight.

THE ENGLISH MARKETS are waiting for the verdict of the American Senate over their Silver Bill, for doubling the annual coinage. This decision is expected within a fortnight, and should the result be favourable to the "Silverites," wheat is thought likely to advance in price—no matter how fine the weather—from 2*s.* to 6*s.* or 8*s.* per quarter. Opinion has not fixed how much the advance may be, but some advance in price is considered certain.

AFTER WHITSUNTIDE IN THE COMMONS

WHEN on Monday the House of Commons reassembles after the Whitsun Recess, it will have borne in upon it the conviction that, if it means to do any business, it is time to begin. The Government have the advantage of Whitsuntide this year falling earlier than usual. But at best, unless Lord Hartington's gloomy prognosis be verified, there remain only two months and two weeks before the Prorogation. Lord Hartington is credited with the statement that Parliament is bound to sit through September. He is in a peculiarly favourable position for forming an opinion on the subject. He will know whether the Cabinet have resolved to add to the Statute-Book not only the Compensation Bill, but the Tithes Bill and the Land Purchase Bill. If they have, the sitting through September is a moderate computation of the time that would be necessary; and, since Lord Hartington mentions September, it is presumable that the intention is formed.

When the House meets on Monday, it will, after the favourite and well-considered plan of all Governments, be asked to take up Supply. Members, like school-boys, are never in a hurry to get back to work, and the fewer members present in Committee of Supply, the more Votes are got. Supply is, as usual, in a backward state, although it started at the opening of the Session in the most favourable circumstances. The Navy Votes, with the exception of two, were taken at a single sitting, and fair progress was made with the other Services. Then Supply was laid aside in favour of legislation, and has not since been approached. Money, however, was necessary, and two Votes on Account have been taken. Obtaining money by Votes on Account is a grievous waste of time, since it doubles the opportunity of discussion. As a Vote on Account includes supplies for every department of the State, it is open to members to give their mind to it to discuss any subject that occurs to them. Nor will the fullest indulgence in this privilege prevent them rediscussing the matter at equal length when the Vote comes up in Committee of Supply. In the good old times, not further back than the Parliament of 1880-5, when Obstruction was something more than a name, the opportunity afforded by the Vote on Account was remorselessly seized. The only way to get it through was to deliberately prepare for an all-night sitting, making it clear to all whom it might concern that there were relays of Chairmen, broiled bones in the larder, and no intention of adjourning till the Vote was passed. On the Thursday night preceding the adjournment for the Whitsun Recess in the present Session, a Vote on Account for nearly four millions was got through so early, that at the same sitting a stage of the Budget Bill was passed, and the adjournment took place before half-past twelve.

Up to the Easter Recess matters in the Commons had progressed so favourably that Mr. Courtney, in an often quoted passage of a speech to his constituents, admitted that little was left to be desired. That is a pleasing picture that has been distinctly blurred between Easter and Whitsuntide. The introduction of the Bill compensating publicans on the extinction of their licenses has been largely instrumental in bringing about the change. As touching delicate, instrumental in bringing about the change. As touching delicate, certainly assailable ground, it has quickened the conviction of the Opposition that their principal duty is to oppose. In this humour the Opposition in the Commons are never satisfied with struggling against the particular measure that has excited their ire. They turn and rend every proposal of the Government, satisfied if only they occupy time which otherwise might serve to clear the way for progress with the obnoxious measure. Ministers coming back on Monday will reflect with disquiet on the fact that the Compensation Bill is a long way off completion. What has happened with a Bill is a long way off completion. What has happened with a somewhat intricate business is that the Budget Bill, an accomplished fact, has provided ways and means for working the machinery of the extinction of licenses under the control of the local authorities. The Compensation Bill is designed to authorise County Councils to use the money for the extinguishing of licenses.

And here comes in one of the many difficulties that bristle round the measure. The Budget Bill has raised the spirit duty in Ireland by sixpence a gallon, as it has done in Great Britain. But

in Ireland there are no County Councils, no local authority, to whom may be delegated the duty of disposing of the funds accruing from the increased impost. Therefore, whilst the money accumulates, public houses will not decay. The Act will, in fact, as far as the extinction of licences goes, remain a dead letter till the problem of Local Government in Ireland is settled. That is one of the things the Irish members are insistent in wanting to know about, and much will be heard of it in the coming fortnight.

It is understood that the Government are resolved to complete this supplementary portion of their Budget scheme before approaching the other two knotty questions of the Session. They will thereafter have to decide which is to be taken first, the Tithes Bill or the Land Purchase Bill. Both bristle with contentious matter, and neither can be dropped with due regard to the reputation of the Government. The Tithes Bill has put in a forlorn appearance in every Session since Lord Salisbury's Government got fairly into harness. Two Sessions ago it was chiefly responsible for the Autumn Session, and, even with that thrown in, it did not pass. Last Session it was desperately clung to up to within a fortnight of the prorogation, and was then reluctantly abandoned. It is well known that Lord Salisbury is personally pledged to effect this piece of legislation, and the Prime Minister's will cannot be set aside through an indefinite succession of Sessions.

The Tithes Bill may, therefore, be expected to be kept in the front, whilst if the Land Purchase Bill is not added to the Statute Book there will be no *raison d'être* for the Session. Taking these two Bills with the Arrears of Supply, and the unexpected (which always happens in the House of Commons), it will be seen that the House reassembling on Monday will have its hands full. One advantage was happily secured before the adjournment for the Recess. That was the allotment to public business of every sitting of the week save Wednesday. That is a favourable position for a Government unequalled in Parliamentary annals. There is no precedent for a Ministry finding themselves on the 2nd of June with practically the whole time of the House at their disposal. With that and the Closure, there remains some faint hope that matters may not turn out quite so bad as Lord Hartington prognosticates.



PRINCE BISMARCK is coming to England next month for six weeks. He will stay with Lord Londonderry and Lord Rosebery.

TAKING THE AMERICAN CENSUS begins on Monday. The United States have been divided into 175 districts, where 40,000 enumerators will distribute and collect twenty million population schedules.

REDUCTION OF POSTAGE TO AUSTRALIA to 2½*d.* per letter has been accepted by the Australasian Conference on postal rates. The Conference suggests further that the cable tariff between England and Australia should be lowered to 4*s.* per word, half the consequent loss being borne by the Cable Company and the other half by the British Government and the Colonies.

A THEATROPHONE has been set up in Paris, whereby persons at a distance can hear the performance at any particular theatre or concert. At present the apparatus only communicates with one house, the Nouveautés, but it will soon be extended to all the theatres and halls, and connected with the chief hotels, clubs, and restaurants. By dropping half a franc into a slot people will be provided with five minutes' entertainment, a longer hearing being charged in proportion.

BRIGHTON HAS BEEN IMPROVING HER EASTERN SEA-FRONT for some time past, and the handsome new terrace on the Undercliff was opened on Saturday. This terrace projects from the seawall, and rests on massive iron girders supported by iron columns. It provides a good promenade of a quarter of a mile, and includes a shelter-hall and reading-rooms, besides a lift from the Madeira Road to the Marine Parade, fifty feet above—a great improvement, from the invalid's point of view, on the long tiring flights of steps hitherto in use.

SUMMER HOLIDAYS are being planned by most people just now, and even the poor London children are looking forward to an outing through the generosity of their richer brethren. So the Children's Country Holidays Fund held its annual meeting at Devonshire House, recently, under the Presidency of Lord Hartington, to remind the public of its claims. Last year 20,772 children were sent into the country for a fortnight, enjoying not only fresh air, good food, and thorough change, but a happy home with the villagers, who are generally delighted with their little guests. Year by year the number of applicants increases, while the parents, recognising the benefits to their children, are heartily willing to contribute as much as they can, and last season provided 4,474*l.* out of the 13,178*l.* spent. Donations may be sent to the Secretary, at the Office, 10, Buckingham Street, Strand.

GERMAN TERRITORY IN EAST AFRICA is placed already under a most careful system of administration. Zanzibar is the headquarters for the Imperial Commissioner, Major Wissmann, and the main staff, while each coast station is under charge of a commanding officer, responsible for both the political and military management. These officials send an elaborate report monthly to headquarters, while, at the same interval, the Commissioner visits each station for a personal inspection. Four steamers, with whale-boats, gigs, and smaller vessels, keep up a regular service for passengers and mails between the various stations and Zanzibar. The military forces comprise 207 officers, 1,200 Soudanese troops, and 500 Zulu and Arkari soldiers, besides a body of Somalis for police duty, and are divided into two corps, for duty respectively in the north and south, each in charge of a sub-commander. Hospitals are established at Pangani and Bagamoyo, and the three recently-captured southern ports, Lindi, Kilwa, and Minkindani, will be fortified to match the northern stations.

THE NEW DUKE OF CLARENCE is the fifth British Prince to bear that title. The name "Clarence" is of Irish origin, being derived from the family of De Clare, whose heiress, Lady Elizabeth de Burgh, married Lionel of Antwerp, second son of Edward III.; her husband, in consequence, being created first Duke of Clarence in 1362. Lionel left no son, and the title was then revived, in 1411, for Thomas, second son of Henry IV., with whom the Dukedom again expired on the battlefield of Beaugé. The next Duke was Prince George, brother of Edward IV., whose traditional fate in a butt of Malmsey, and his Shakespearian epitaph, "False, fleeting, perjured Clarence," render him probably the best-known holder of the dignity. On the Duke's attainder the title reverted to the Crown, and lay dormant for 300 years, till George III. conferred it on his third son, William, afterwards William IV. The late Duke of Albany was "Earl of Clarence," but the Dukedom is now revived in its original form for Prince Albert Victor, and—except that of Cornwall, belonging to the Heir Apparent—is the oldest of those conferred on any Royal Dukes. The title of "Avondale," supplementing the Dukedom of Clarence, belonged to the Stewarts, and thus links the holder with Scotland; while the title "Earl of Athlone" was created for De Ginkel, the gallant Dutch follower of William of Orange, who conquered the Jacobites at Aughrim. This Earldom became extinct in 1844.



THE PASSION PLAY AT OBERAMMERGAU
JUDAS TAKING THE THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER



THE RECENT FESTIVITIES AT ALTENBURG—THE MARCH OF PEASANTS IN THEIR NATIONAL COSTUMES BEFORE THE EMPEROR



"KNOW you what I would do, did I wish to punish an enemy after my death? I would leave him my fortune." This is the motto chosen by Alice M. Diehl for the title-page of her new novel, "Her Three Lovers" (2 vols.: Bentley and Son). The fortune of which she treats certainly causes complications enough to justify her text; but, happily, nobody is the worse for it in the long run, and the story ends as pleasantly and satisfactorily as it opens—which is saying a great deal. One can always count upon finding intellectual pleasure in Mrs. Diehl's work, apart from interest of plot, and in the present case they are found together. "Her Three Lovers" is by no means the most ambitious work of its authoress; it is altogether of a more popular character than those have been which have dealt with Art and with artists' lives, or with the inner psychology of passion. There is nothing in this which is outside the ordinary lines of life and character; but it is none the worse for that artistically, while more directly appealing to a larger circle. Mrs. Diehl is excellent in her portrayal of masculine weakness: when she presents a man as weak, it is not—as with most even of the best novels written by women—because she cannot do anything else, but because she chooses to do what she has the strength to do so well. When, on the other hand, she describes strength of character, it is real strength, and not, in the usual feminine fashion, a mere attempt to reproduce Charlotte Brontë's Rochester. In "Her Three Lovers," it is the weaknesses, moral and otherwise, that predominate; but by no means to the exclusion of sympathy. Arthur Burger is an excellent case in point; and his qualities are rendered the more effective by his contrast with Nell Price's feminine combination of strength and delicacy. The plot is complicated, and contains a surprise; which we shall not injure by saying a word of its nature. Readers will be well advised who enter upon the novel in order to discover this and its other good things for themselves.

Iza Duffus Hardy's "A New Othello" (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.) is a good story of an exciting and rather sensational character; in many important respects it is the best work that has yet come from her now experienced pen. It is based upon hypnotism; but that dangerous and, in itself, repulsive subject is treated both healthily and artistically—it is employed as the simple machinery of an interesting story to which it is indispensable. The gradual subjection of a woman's will to a hypnotic practitioner who has made her the innocent instrument of a terrible crime until his very success becomes his own Nemesis is finely conceived and thoroughly well worked out, the intended point being never lost sight of for a moment. Indeed, "A New Othello" is an admirably-constructed novel altogether; the only weak point about its execution of which one is conscious is the authoress's profusion of quotation whenever she can find or make an opportunity. We wonder that she has not yet discovered what a golden rule it is, universally adopted by masters of the art of fiction, to quote as rarely as possible—never, indeed, without absolute occasion. Miss Hardy seems to quote for quoting's sake, to the distraction of the reader's attention, who wants a story, not a commonplace book, and wishes for Miss Hardy's writing, and not for her reading. But for this blemish, which it certainly is, we

have nothing but praise for the novel from every essential point of view. It meets the taste of the hour without this being its apparent aim, and displays a wholesome and refreshing absence of self-consciousness which has by no means been the note of all its predecessors. The various characters are excellent as portraits; and the situations, sufficiently strong and dramatic in themselves, are rendered more so by the way in which they are managed.

"A Queen of Roses," by Baynton Foster (1 vol.: Ward and Downey) is the favourite and familiar old story of how a rustic beauty was dazzled away by a fine gentleman from an honest lover in her own station, and how she died of a broken heart (aided, in the case of Miss Sweetbriar Goldthwaite, by a carriage accident), through her inability to distinguish between the true gold and the sham. The present version of this ancient idyl is less interesting than it would have been had Captain Anstruther—of course he is a captain—been less of the order of rag-doll, and had Sweetbriar herself been less completely selfish, frivolous, and ill-tempered; but Williams—the true-hearted yeoman—is sympathetic enough; but he has the disadvantage of having done duty under a hundred different names in the course of many generations. Some of the love-making is rather pretty, and the whole novel is prettily written. But it is impossible to care about anybody whom it concerns. Was Baynton Foster really under the impression that he or she had the only valid excuse for telling an old story—namely, the ability to tell it better than it had ever been told before, or else in an entirely fresh and original way?

We cannot compliment purchasers of shilling novelettes upon the opinion held of their taste by Mr. H. Sutherland Edwards, as shown by his translation for their benefit of Tolstoy's worse than crazy morbid "Kreutzer Sonata" (Remington and Co.). There is a great deal of lunacy about just now on the subject of marriage as an institution; and collectors of crazes, if there be such people, as well as students of mental and moral hysteria, may perhaps get a half-pennyworth of interest in return for their shilling. Most other people will consider it a foul libel on human nature, and, having read about half of it, will be careful to put the whole morbid rubbish into the fire.

Lord Lytton's "The Ring of Amasis" (1 vol.: Macmillan and Co.), though originally published so long ago as 1863, must be treated as a substantially new work, seeing that not only is it unfamiliar to the present generation of novel-readers, but has been re-written by its author under the influence of his riper experience, and for other good and sufficient reasons. It seems that the work has had a continued existence, more especially in America, where it has been taken in the serious way proper to those whom Lord Lytton calls the most unsophisticated readers in the world; he has received letters from beyond the Atlantic concerning its drift; and current taste has brought into full fashion the romance of the occult and the mysterious of which "The Ring of Amasis" was a pioneer. In short, the work was born before its time; and it was quite right that so striking and brilliant an example of psychological fiction should be given a new lease of life under more favourable conditions if only to show how much better was the old style of mysticism than the new. Whether the unsophisticated readers whom its tragedy of a brain has bewildered during all these years will gain any new light from this new version, is questionable. But, while the charm of stories of this kind is in proportion to their poetic fancy, their chief attraction is unquestionably to be found in leaving the reader—at least the unsophisticated reader—unsatisfied; and in both these important respects this new-old romance leaves nothing to be desired. Nor will the search of the collector of epigrams go without its reward.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

THERE is certainly much promise in Mr. R. H. Domenichetti's "The Quest of Sir Bertrand, and Other Poems" (W. H. Allen), for which Mrs. Traquair has drawn an effective frontispiece. The author deals largely with mediæval subjects of a moral and religious cast, though in "Danse des Bacchantes" we have quite another form of life sympathetically pictured, to which a certain fulness of note and fluency, which Mr. Domenichetti possesses specially, enable him to do justice. He has evidently a keen eye for natural beauty, whether in wood, water, or woman. As an instance of his faculty for delineation in words of what he has seen, we may quote the following from "Lac d'Amour":—

Morn pales above thee mistily,
And, far as any eye can see,
The shining water-spaces gleam
Lucid and grey as in a dream.
The silver water-lilies float
With broad dark leaves upon the moat;
Far out a single swan scarce stirs
The lake with that white breast of hers
And ruffled plumage, drifting by
O'er still reflections of the sky.
Midway a low-built bridge of stone
Runs o'er, and mirrored there alone
A time-beat tower stand: bleak and grim
Against the grey horizon dim.

The poet is at times, however, rather vague than accurate, and his ear for sound perhaps too readily contents itself without due regard to the aptness or applicability of word or phrase. Still we shall not be surprised if Mr. Domenichetti does better work, and, indeed, very good work, in verse.

Mr. Landred Lewis introduces us to very ancient Greeks and to the intrigues of the old Olympian deities in "The Proving of Gennad: A Mythological Romance" (Elliot Stock). The story is not badly told in blank verse, but the English is often extraordinary, possibly the humours of our tongue proving too much for these remote Hellenes. For example we have

The sound of wheels
And horses' feet within the pavement gate
Did start my ear.

Surely "start" is quaint in this place. Here, again, are some strangely jolting lines:—

Act as to not offend your country here,
And others past your borders; and, believe I,
Then all will well. Thus did we ever find—
Keep thou good faith, and thou or any man
Shalt destiny win honourable.

Gennad, the hero, in a fine burst of ungrammatical enthusiasm, remarks to his faithful follower—

But mark ye this—should this great search be took.

We have nothing to urge against "The Proving of Gennad" as a romance; but, to use the language of Mr. Landred Lewis himself, we are not "took" by his style. It is occasionally too much that of an unsatisfactory fifth-form boy in the agony of construing Sophocles from evaporating memories of the crib.

To the Library Edition of Keats's works published by Messrs. Reeves and Turner, a Supplement, costing half-a-guinea, has been added. It is edited by Mr. H. Burton Forman, and is entitled, "Poetry and Prose by John Keats." The volume forms a book of fresh verses and new readings, and contains Essays and Letters lately found as well as passages formerly suppressed.

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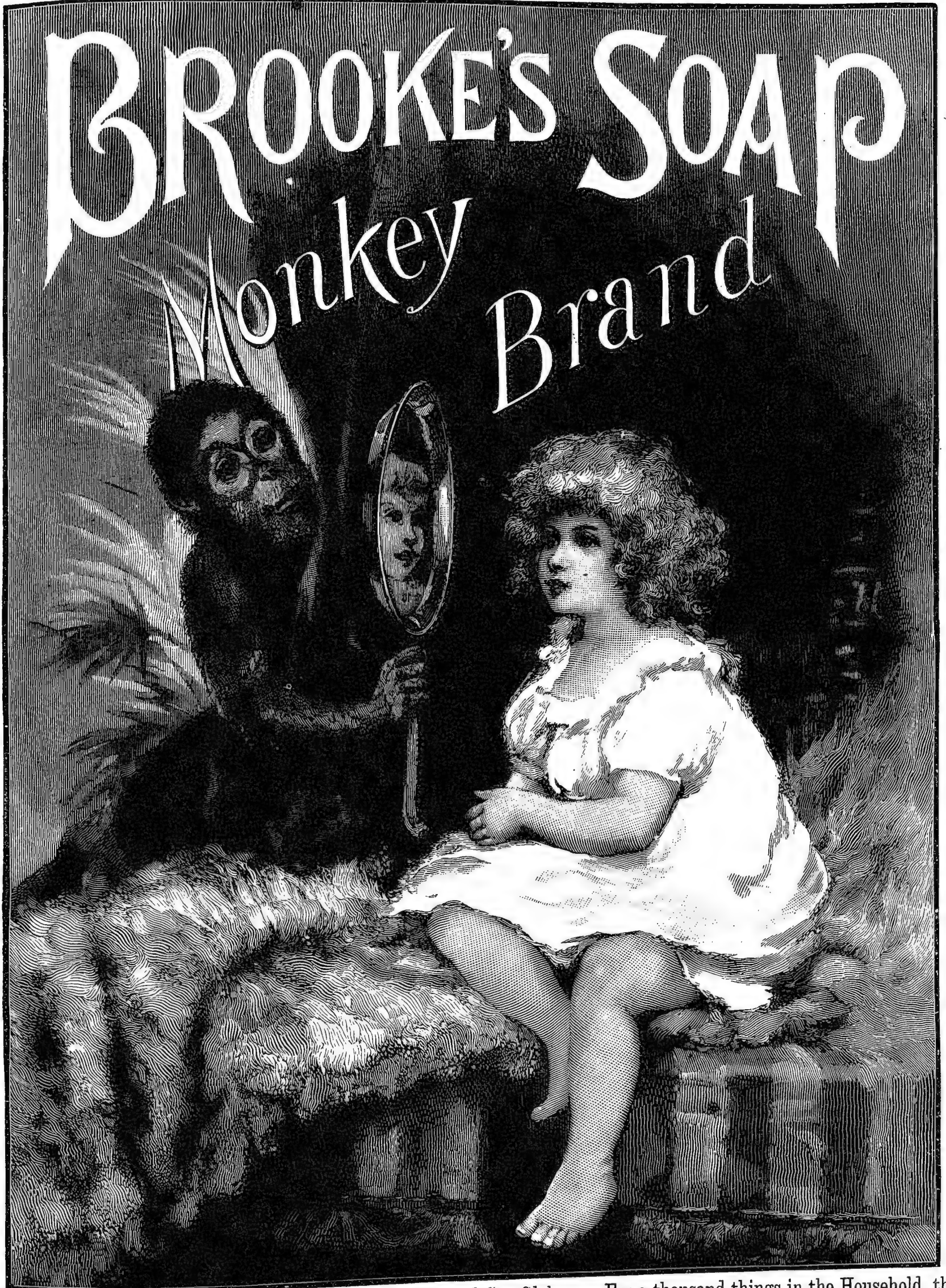
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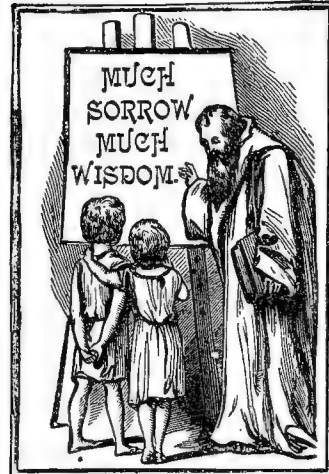
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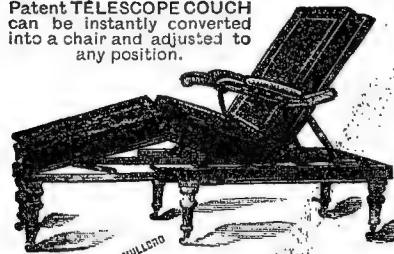
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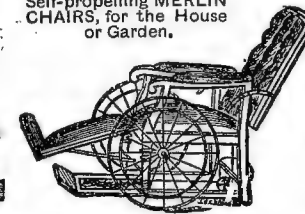
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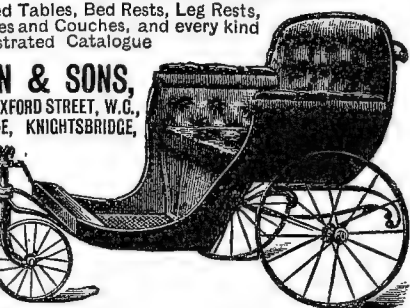
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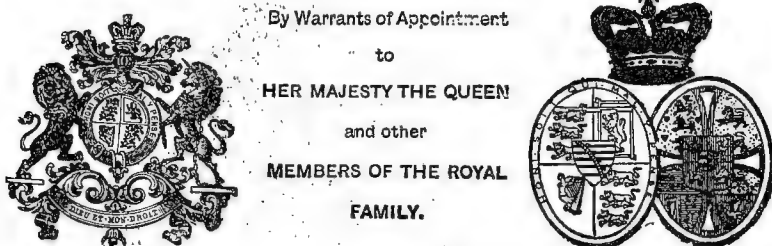
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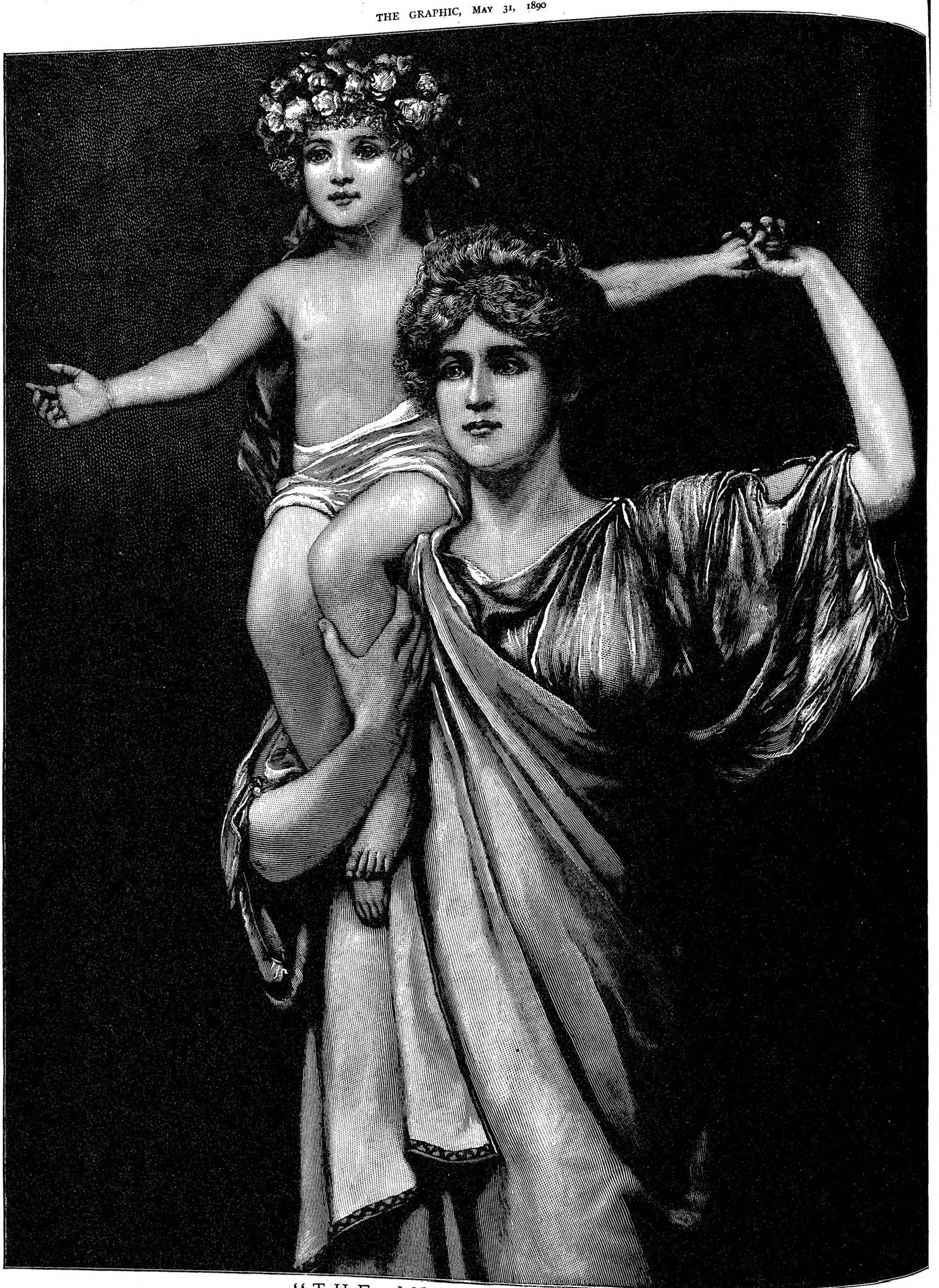
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